National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XXIII. NO. 19. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862. WHOLE NO. 1,163.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,
AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,
BY THE
AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
At Its Office, No. 48 Beekman Street, New York,
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,
106 *North-Tenth Street, Philadelphia.*

Letters for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business affairs of the paper, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, NEW YORK."

ADVERTISEMENTS, 10 cents per line each insertion.

Selections.

The Vice of the Nation; The Danger of the Nation; and the Safety of the Nation.

SPEECH OF HON. JOHN HICKMAN,

In Cloud's Grove, Concord, Delaware County, Pa.

From The Delaware County (Pa.) Republican.

AT the Ladies' Festival, in aid of the General Hospital at Chester, Hon. John Hickman made the opening speech, a synopsis of the main features of which our reporter has prepared, embodying the pith of his remarks, and in most instances the precise words. This report has been prepared with care, and can be depended upon for its correctness.

Mr. Hickman, upon rising, said it was after much difficulty he had brought himself to the conclusion that he ought to attempt to speak, as he was suffering severely from indisposition. He then stated his subject to be:

I.—THE VICE OF THE NATION.

As surely, said he, as there *was* a God in Israel, there *is* a God in history. The sovereignty of the Great Ruler is as distinctly marked in the career of peoples as in nature and revelation. And this God, who leaves the impress of his power upon the recorded past, is the Christian's God, whose great attributes are justice and mercy. Few believe that individual sins can go unpunished. These are principally against justice and mercy; why, then, should national sins be chartered? They are *always* against justice and mercy. Our faith is consistent, and we cannot subscribe to a creed which proclaims individual responsibility, and yet excludes the responsibility of aggregated individuals or communities. Both are true, or both are false. For if neither myself nor my child can justify an act, so cannot I and my child, acting together, or in unity, make defence. If *man* cannot with impunity do wrong, *men* cannot do wrong without retribution. The declaration does not require argument; it is really a syllogism.

It is a common belief that we have a government ordained of Heaven—that God was with our fathers in the trials of the Revolution, and that as He led his chosen people through the Red Sea, so He led *them* through the sea of blood. In that fearful struggle for the rights of man, our patriot ancestors were clearly right; but in their subsequent course they were just as clearly wrong. In their success, they forgot their great Deliverer. They fought for truth and virtue, and conquered gloriously; they afterward submitted to falsehood and injustice, and entailed the damning consequences upon their children and children's children. In their immortal *Declaration*, the enunciation was made that "all men are created equal"; it was their platform, and they stood upon it in the face of a despotic world, and throughout their trials. In their *Constitution of Government*, they repudiated their own principles, and wrote it down, deliberately, that instead of the lowest being the peer of the highest, that man was property, and might be bought and sold and used. Can I be mistaken? If I am, may God forgive me! If I am not, may He forgive them!

Read carefully, thoughtfully, and disinterestedly, if you can, our organic law, the Constitution of the United States, and then say whether you do not discover the sanctions of slavery. I cannot pause to consider the remarkable suggestion that the word "slave" does not occur in the instrument. Have we not, through three quarters of a century, in our legislation, in our conventions, and in our communities, admitted—

1. That the slave population of the South was represented in Congress?

2. That slaves escaping from service have to be delivered up to those to whom their labor was due?

3. That the slave trade might be prohibited after the year 1808?

These provisions were either right or wrong. If the latter, why insert them? If the former, that slaves ought to be held and be the subject of representation, then why look to a restriction of the principal traffic? The vice, the crime, was thus made a part of our political system, and we are called upon to answer for it—to pay the penalty.

II.—THE DANGER OF THE NATION.

I have indicated what I suppose to be the crime of the nation. It may properly be asked, "How can this moral fault of the past affect us of the present?" To such a question I can only reply thus: I read, and what I read I believe, and you believe that a secure prosperity does not attend general depravity. The reverse is the case.

Greece, after having reached proficiency in arms, skill in arts, freedom of commerce, renown in oratory, the divinity of poetry, and marked invention, erected sensuality into religion, and attempted to sanctify a general corruption. Morality was esteemed an enjoyment of the pleasures of life, and luxury honorable. She ceased to be free, and to advance. Rome engulphed her, and she fell, never to rise again.

Rome, seated on her seven hills, proud in her beauty, august in her valor, supreme and arrogant in her command, with her temples erected for vice, and her baths for lust, was down-trodden by the barbarian, and is now buried beneath the accumulated dust of Christian centuries. Tyre and Sidon, Sodom and Gomorrah, Thebes, Carthage, Nineveh, and Babylon, where are they? Alas, alas! they have sepulchres, but how few pause to decipher the almost obliterated inscription above them! "The victim of an *internal* foe." Not an *external* foe. Their deaths were not violent, but natural. Truthfully written, how sad, and yet how instructive is the history of all human or political organizations!

England, after holding in her hands for a thousand years, and offering to the nations a goblet of commingled barbarism and humanity, still survives, to meet that which certainly awaits her—a fearful retribution. She has preyed upon the poor, insulted the proud, weakened the brave, and now arrogates to herself the title of "mistress of the world." God will remember *her* crimes, and punish her perfidy. She worships symbols, is plethoric from selfishness, and totters in a miserable senility. She sustains a Church, that she may the more securely practice artifice. She sacrifices no interest upon her altars, and trembles like felon guilt when confronted by injured strength. She has ever been the rotter of the nations, and now, haggard, yet still devilish, with a palsied hand, attempts to prevent the decline of a power built up by the rapine and the bloody ambition of centuries. If we can but pause long enough to look back upon the past, and reflect upon our high calling, the *United* States of North America will be made the instrument of a Divine vengeance upon this monarchy—the guiltiest of the guilty.

III.—THE SAFETY OF THE NATION.

We have done much that we ought not to have done, and we have left undone much that we ought to have done. We erected bulwarks for slavery in our national youth, and have not only refused to confess the evil we then did, but we have strengthened them from day to day, and from year to year. We are now suffering the full weight of the curse of the institution. Holding ourselves out to the world as the only free government, we nursed slavery until it ruled us as a master, and struck us as a despot. The present unparalleled rebellion—a civil war so extended as to be incomprehensible in other lands—is the perfected fruit of the sins of the fathers and the children. Treason, the legitimate offspring of the bastard slavery, assails our very life. The crime is fearfully dangerous—shall we assail its life? Must we not assail it? Is it not assault or death?

We have been too long in the light of Christianity and civilization to argue the wickedness of crime. When I state that the system of American slavery disregards marriage, parental ties and social proprieties—all of which you know—I prepare you to form a judgment. It justifies the separation of husband and wife, and parent and child, and the absolute control of females—what do you think of it? Fathers and mothers, what *do you* think of it? It is now costing us hundreds of millions of dollars of treasure, and hundreds of thousands of lives; what should we do with it? It is the heart which furnishes the life-blood of the wild conspiracy; how shall we treat it? Answer! ye whose sons sleep upon the battle-fields, how shall we treat it? Aged friend and neighbor, your only begotten was murdered and disinterred and mutilated, to afford trophies for the monster; how shall we treat it? Sister, your treasure, your boy who dedicated his all to freedom, can never return to you—he died nobly fighting against the enemies of his race, the task-masters of the South; how shall we treat it? I answer for myself, for you, *it must cease to be an annoyance.* If we would have a country and a home, it must be brought into subjection. *We must let the people go!* "We are not prepared to do so," the response comes quickly. Pharaoh would not let them go, and the land was smitten with frogs, with murrain, with hail, with locusts, with darkness, with rivers of blood and the death of the first-born. Time and again has the entreaty come to us, "let the people go," and we have as often disregarded the voice of kindness and admonition. Plague after plague has afflicted us, and now the threat comes that all the waters shall be turned into blood, and that all the first-born shall be slain. Our rulers are asked, "Will you let them go?" and they "palter in a double sense." They will not let them go. The inquiry is at last forced upon the people, "Will *you* let them go?" To save your government; to save your homes; to save yourselves; to save your families, "will you let them go?" Do you hear the voice and recognize it? Oh, yes, it is God's voice speaking to you from every page of history. "Let them go, or perish." "Let them go, and save the temple where your goddess dwells." Looking back over hundreds of centuries—over the desolation which has followed swiftly after disobedience and disregarded duty, I declare I am willing "to let them go." I make my vow before you—I will let individuals die, and communities die, and institutions die, and interests die, but I will save the nation, if I can. Will you?

Slavery is the cause of the war and the strength of the enemy. He battles for it, and draws his supplies from it. What law of God condemns resistance of evil; what usage of war forbids weakening the adversary when it can be done without cruelty? The nation and the crime are confronted. If we are for the nation we must be against the crime; we know that those who are for the crime are against the nation. It is as impossible to serve both as it is to serve God and Belial. I show you "the irrepressible conflict," and demand the full discharge of a sacred obligation. On the one hand is virtue, which exalts, on the other vice, which casts down; the two cannot go hand-in-hand, and have a common cause. When they come in conflict one or the other must fall. We have tried time and again to make compromises between them, but confusion has always followed the effort. When will Kings and Princes and Presidents learn a plain duty—to do justice and love mercy? We must let the people go! There has been no decisive progress in the present war for the single reason that we have not finally decided to abandon all effort to reconcile and perpetuate antagonistic and ever-warring principles. The Administration, professing to be wiser than all mankind beside, struggle against eternal decrees, and are determined to save both freedom and slavery. As God is greater than Lincoln and Cabinets and Congresses, I asseverate it is impossible. Change of policy, or disgraceful failure, is the only choice left to the government.

Citizens, you not only deserve success, but you can compel it. When the small engine cannot move the lengthened train, push with the eight-wheeled driver. We may not be perfectly safe, but it is better than a stand-still. The hands of Moses were heavy, they were upheld, and Amalek was overcome. You are the power behind the train, force it on. The hands of our leaders have fallen; hold them up. Do not hesitate to act—we are the sovereigns—those above us are but servants, and must obey.

We are fast disgracing ourselves before those who have heretofore regarded us as honest, consistent and invincible—let us determine to exalt ourselves in the eyes of Him "that sitteth upon the circle of the earth." When we shall do so, slavery shall vanish as a black cloud from before the face of the sun, and Liberty and Union will really become, for the first time, one and inseparable.

I do not expect the war to be brought to a sudden conclusion by a great victory. Far from it. I look for days of toil and nights of anguish. But we will succeed. Although I do not approve, I have faith. The Union will be sacred for posterity, for the subjects of absolutism, for the glory of man. We are now going to school and learning rapidly. We know much more to-day than we did yesterday, and sometime in the future we will receive our diploma. Although we are in the valley worshipping a golden calf, we may yet hear and accept the tables of the law, and be saved through them. But first the idol must be burnt in the fire, ground to powder and strewed upon the waters, and we be made to drink of it. Neither trials nor delays should discourage us, for the land of promise can certainly be reached. We will wash our hands of the crime—we will let the people go.

I have never had a doubt as to the result of the conflict in which we are so closely engaged. Our armies are but just gathering for the strife, and the rebel legions will ultimately fall before them, as the haughty hosts of Sennacherib before the avenging angel of the Lord. This shall remain an asylum for the oppressed, and our hallowed banner be still honored on every land and every sea. When before, since the first transgression, have such mighty interests depended upon such a simple and easy act of justice—a spoken word?

CRIME AND INFAMY.

WHATEVER criticisms may be made on the treatment of "the nigger" by the directors of the war for the Union, it is certain that those on the other side have pursued a vigorous, straightforward, consistent policy. Before even the bombardment of Sumter, a free black man in the service of the United States, who fell into the hands of the rebels at the South, was at once consigned to slavery. Three free blacks recently captured by a rebel force in Kentucky were without ceremony sold as slaves. (We say three, because that particular instance is reported; the number actually so treated has probably been thousands.) It is a standing complaint of Kentucky and Tennessee Unionists of the "conservative" sort, that the rebels have stolen more negroes in one year than the Abolitionists have done in forty. This, we doubt not, is true; but it should in fairness be added that the Abolitionists freed those they are accused of stealing, while the rebels enslave *their* booty, or at least perpetuate its enslavement.

The facts in regard to those kidnapped on the 30th ult. on the battle-field near Manassas Junction are established by concurrent testimony from both sides. Here is the statement of one of our correspondents, who relates what he saw and heard:

"The ambulances were soon filled and started for the orchard rendezvous, not, however, before a violation of the flag of truce by some Southern men, *who took four or five colored drivers off their seats.*

"An English gentleman, present as a volunteer, made a strong remonstrance in the case of a *free* colored man of Washington, whom a scoundrel in citizen's clothing, with a Major's star on the collar of his greasy coat, had claimed. This man, dismounting from his horse, after remarking that *he did not care whether the negro was a slave or no*, took him by the collar, and, with the words, '*I'll make a slave of you*, and a slave you are from this moment,' dealt him a flat-handed blow on the cheek, which drew a rush of tears from the eyes of the trembling wretch.

"The rest of the rebels looked on approvingly, and the fellow turned to the Englishman and asked him what he had to say to that? The reply that the flag of truce recognizes as sacred all beneath its folds, and that he had grossly violated it, made not the least impression. Other officers of the Confederate army, to whom remonstrance was made, utterly disclaimed such proceedings, and said that Gen. Lee, to whom they would report the outrage, would doubtless return the negroes, *if he could find them.*"

Now read the corroborative statement of the Richmond *Examiner*:

"*A flag of truce* was sent a day or two after the last battle by the enemy, asking permission to bury their dead. It was granted. Soon after a regiment of negroes, armed with spades, appeared, and after performing their work, they were very properly taken in charge by our troops, *most* of them being runaway contrabands."

Here, it will be noted, are two distinct outrages, but occurring on the same battle-field, involving the same principles and displaying an identical spirit. The rebel writer glories in a state of facts quite as flagrant as that alleged by our correspondent. Let us look at its essential features:

I. In the battle of Saturday, Aug. 30th, Gen. Pope's army—owing to the refusal of Gens. Fitz John Porter, Franklin and Griffin (acting, as they allege, under orders from Gen. McClellan) to obey Gen. Pope's orders, and take part in it—were worsted and driven from the field, leaving it covered with their dead and wounded.

II. Hacks with their drivers were impressed in Washington by Gen. Wadsworth to go down to the relief of our wounded. Many of the drivers of these hacks were colored men. Other colored men, *The Examiner* says, were sent by our Generals to bury their dead.

III. The rebels (on Sunday) held the battle-field. They did not bury our dead. They did not (perhaps they could not) care for our wounded. But they gave us permission to do both, under a flag of truce. Our nurses and our grave-diggers went upon the battle-field accordingly, under the protection of this flag.

IV. While there, doing what they were sent and had permission to do, and not accused or suspected of doing anything else, the colored drivers of our carriages for the wounded, the colored diggers of graves for our dead heroes, were seized by rebel officers, made prisoners, and consigned to slavery! There was a pretence that some of them were fugitives from slavery to rebels, but this (though it could in no wise excuse the outrage) was sheer humbug. "*Most* of them were runaway contrabands," says the Richmond *Examiner*. But had they *all* been runaway murderers and parricides, that could not have justified the truce-breaking. They were within the rebel lines by consent and for a specified purpose. Their enslavement, under such circumstances, was theft aggravated by perjury. "I don't care whether you are a slave or not," said the rebel Major to one of them, "I'll *make* a slave of you"; and striking him a blow in the face, he took him into possession.

We do not know that what we have to call our government will effectually resent this outrage. Probably it will not. But a government that tamely suffers such is on the high road to be placed beyond further suffering.—*Tribune.*

WHEN WILL THE GOVERNMENT AWAKE?

From The Northern Independent.

THE contempt which we feel for the present Administration is relieved only by the fact that it has the merit of inaugurating war. Buchanan and his predecessor yielded everything to pro-slavery menace, but Mr. Lincoln did appeal to the sword in support of the government. For this he is to be respected. We deeply regret that he has failed to conduct the war in such a way as to afford a reasonable chance of success. If it was worth while to make war at all on the rebels, it surely was worth while to do it effectually, but instead of that or anything like it, the whole military demonstration of the Federal authorities has been such a red-tape, round-about, pulseless affair that conquest was actually impossible. Not that our armies have not been large or that our troops have not fought bravely on many occasions, but that every step of advance has been utterly superficial. We have left causes in our rear which could not fail to undo all we have done, and make the work a second time much more difficult if not altogether impracticable. It has been clearly seen from the commencement of hostilities that either slavery or the Republic must perish. Which of the two would yield was and still is doubtful.

Undoubtedly we have arrived at a dark hour in the history of this struggle. The recent defeat of McClellan's grand army before Richmond and its ignominious retreat, without even waiting for reënforcements; the defeat of Pope, the invasion of Maryland, the evacuation of Nashville, and the general inefficiency and stupidity of the government under all these reverses, have cast a dense shade upon our affairs. As a good citizen we do not despair of the Republic, but we have lost all hope in the present Administration—it will never find its way out of the mazes of political expediency through which it is trying to conduct the State at this juncture. Messrs. Lincoln, Seward, Stanton, etc., are honest men, clever lawyers and adroit politicians—all which it is quite possible to be without possessing any of the military moral qualities requisite to such an emergency as this. We need men just now who have daring as well as honesty—men who, like Jackson, will "take the responsibility"—men who, as Barras said of Bonaparte, when recommending him to the Directory, "will not stand upon ceremony." That stage of our difficulties in which negotiation, conciliation and constitutionality were possible helps to a settlement is past, and naught remains but the arbitrament of the sword, a mode which demands but a single qualification, executive ability.

Mr. Lincoln is trying to put down the rebellion—at least he says so, and we are bound as yet to give him credit for honesty, however short of wisdom he may come—but the effort is so painfully miscalculated and misdirected in all essential respects that no intelligent person can fail to perceive at a glance that it must necessarily be abortive. He is raising large armies, fighting large battles, blockading ports, sending out expeditions, and doing a number of things highly prejudicial to the rebels; he is unquestionably doing enough to thoroughly *annoy* them, but not enough to *annihilate* them. If the case were less serious, simple annoyance might answer all purposes, but as things are, annihilation is the only remedy. Hence, wherever our army goes, it should go in such overwhelming force as to ensure victory. We have the men and now is the time to use them, if the government is to be maintained. But the overwhelming numbers which, by the blessing of God, could be precipitated upon the rebels with sufficient force to crush them at once, may also be employed against them to no purpose but our own discomfiture and disgrace. This is possible in either of two ways—sending them into the field under incompetent Generals, or sending competent Generals with an incompetent force. It is not enough to fight the rebels, they must be vanquished; it is not enough to vanquish them, they must be crushed beyond the possibility of recovery. This all now see can be done only in one way, and that is by removing the cause of the rebellion, which is slavery. What we want and have wanted from the beginning is a blow at the origin of the war. Nothing can be effectual which does not reach the seat of the disease. We are too sick for mere palliatives. Yet in this fearful crisis the President and his advisers seem to be occupied with mild expedients—they are recommending gradual emancipation, colonization, the purchase of slaves by the government, matters well enough in times of peace, but sadly inappropriate at such an hour as this. Emollients will do for harmless eruptions, but they are no cure for a malignant cancer. It has been the folly of our government from the first that it has always shammed everything relating to slavery. We never undertook even to modify the "peculiar institution," much less to eradicate it. No wonder that the present Administration feels embarrassed with the question, and takes to itself credit for barely recommending emancipation. Credit it would indeed be entitled to and should have if matters had not advanced to where all such propositions are necessarily futile. It is of no use to give medicine to the dead. The slavery element of this nation is mortified—dead—and calls for simple excision.

That we shall come to right measures at the last—that even Mr. Lincoln will quit his hobbling and march straight up to genuine anti-slavery principles before the conflict is over, is barely possible—we would that we could say probable. The prospect now is that our slow rate of progress will be fatal, and that the Union will be destroyed by our silly attempt to put down the rebellion constitutionally. But even if the war is not entirely unsuccessful, and the rebels are finally conquered, the experiment will have been rendered needlessly, cruelly, wickedly expensive. Thousands, yes, tens of thousands of families have been desolated by the unnecessary protraction of the war. If victory comes at the eleventh hour, it will be so dearly bought with Northern blood as to afford little pleasure to the present generation. Why fill the land with widows and orphans, why send death into every household, when a suitable effort would cut short the work with almost no sacrifice? To settle the question forever it only needs that the entire North shall arm for a few weeks, and appear on slave soil under competent leaders. Such a demonstration would end the strife with comparatively small cost of men or money. If the six hundred thousand lately called for and on the road are not sufficient to sweep the rebels out of all their fastnesses, let twice six hundred thousand more be immediately drafted. In order not to cripple the State too much, and to obviate delay on account of inability on the part of the government to furnish arms and clothing for so many, let every man be required to furnish his own clothes and arms. A million of volunteers thus provided, will start on twenty-four hours' notice whenever the President says the word. One consideration alone is necessary to such a Northern avalanche—men must be assured that their going forth is for freedom. We have no further offerings for Union apart from the negro, and if the President holds that question in abeyance, he will have to fight his own battles. Thus far the war has been a stilted, heartless, unprincipled affair, in relation to the down-trodden millions whose deliverance should have been a chief object of the government and of its every soldier. When shall we amend our policy if not now? By what shall we be aroused if not by the astounding reverses of the last few weeks?

We shall close this article by stating what we think to be four capital blunders of the Administration.

1. Ignoring moral principle. We are told that this is a war for the Union, and nothing but the Union. But this unwittingly concedes everything to the rebels, for Union in itself is neither good nor bad, moral nor immoral; and hence it is to be chosen or rejected as preference and interest may dictate. This being the avowed and only basis of the war, left the rebels and Europe free to be with us or not with us, just as they preferred. Whoever deems the Union no longer a blessing is at liberty to withdraw from it or to oppose its further existence. What wonder that Europe was against us when we inaugurated so great a war on so small a foundation. If we had frankly declared that a great moral and humanitarian question underlaid the whole strife, the Old World—especially England—would have been with us heartily.

2. Dismissing the best Generals. Fremont, Hunter, Phelps, Lane, who have lost neither men nor battles, are set aside, while McClellan, McDowell and Buell—notoriously inefficient and defeated on every side—are retained in command. If keeping the moral issue out of sight was not of necessity absolutely fatal, it is otherwise with this weeding out the best Generals and retaining only the do-nothings. No cause, however good, could stand such abuse without a miracle.

3. Not appreciating the character of the rebellion. This gigantic war of the rebels has all the while been viewed as a Liliputian affair—an innocent blunder of a few of our "misguided brethren," whom it would not be good policy to treat harshly. An utter misconception of the atrocity of this rebellion has baffled every attempt to put it down, and reduced all our efforts from a war footing to that of mere police. It has been difficult for the Administration to believe that we have war, or that conciliation is not better than force.

4. Allowing the whole spirit of the nation to droop and die for want of an infusion of that lofty patriotism which sustained our Revolutionary fathers. In this war personal sacrifice for a high object is scarce mentioned. The soldier is expected to be simply a government machine—not a man. Hence orders which alone could inspirit him are "modified" to death or flatly repealed, just as though motives were superfluous to a man who has to face the cannon's mouth. But be it known that an army is good for nothing without a motive, and a very high one, too. Why not, then, brace up the spirits of our soldiers and fit them for their work by keeping before them distinctly those everlasting principles which generate heroism? Why any longer hide the real character of the war when the fact that it is a war against slavery makes every man twice a man?

SENATOR WADE ON THE WAR.

[The following letter from Senator Wade was written in response to an invitation to address the Union Congressional Convention lately held at Toledo.]

ASHTABULA, August 8, 1862.

GENTLEMEN: Your letter inviting me to address a Convention at your place on the 23d instant is received, and, were I in a condition to comply with your request, nothing would give me greater pleasure than to do so. Some time before I left Congress my health had been impaired, so that it was with great difficulty I could be in my place in the Senate. Since my return it has failed rather than improved, until I have been obliged to keep my bed most of the time, with a slow, nervous fever, which has reduced me so much that I cannot hope to speak at your Convention. The gigantic and sublime efforts which the people made to defend their institutions and to trample this accursed rebellion under foot, have been paralyzed, and in great measure rendered abortive by the over cautious, timid and vacillating course of the Administration up to this time.

This policy is the fruit of that cursed slave idolatry that has brought this nation to the verge of ruin; it is this that, whenever our armies have reached the dominions of those aristocrats who have brought this trouble upon us, instead of reducing them to ruin and desolation, has induced our officers in every instance to weaken our own force and degrade the proud Northern soldier, who went there to fight and conquer rebellion, to become the guardian of the hen-roost, the pig-sty, or the apple-orchard of this lordling, who, with all his available force, was absent in the rebel army, meditating the murder of our troops. It is this that has compelled our soldiers, under the scorching, burning sun of the South, to die in the malarious trenches, of excessive toil, rather than use the sturdy negroes who were inured to the climate and anxiously sought to do this same work, and relieve our men from its hardships and its perils. It is this that has degraded our brave men (instead of acting the soldier) to become the hound for catching slaves for Southern rebels, and returning them to masters who are even in arms against us. In short, it is this that divested all efforts to conquer, on our side, of the dignity of war, and has compelled us to stand before the civilized world apparently without a policy and without a motive.

But all this is now changed. The representatives of the people, no longer forgetting their dignity, sue at the foot of the throne for a more energetic policy. It does not belong to the President to devise a policy for the country; his duties are well performed when he has caused the laws to be faithfully executed. No matter whether he thinks it politic or impolitic, he has but one simple duty to perform toward it, that is, to see that it is faithfully executed. Therefore, it devolves upon Congress (under our Constitution, the great representative of the power and dignity of the people) to devise a policy. They who have the power to declare war, to provide armies and navies, and to disband them at pleasure, have also the power, when war is declared, to determine on what principles it shall be conducted. And well and faithfully have the last Congress performed their duty in this respect. Let, therefore, the young man who is anxious to assist the government in its hour of peril go boldly forth to the field; no danger that he will have his life worked out in malarious swamps, while acclimated negroes are on hand ready to perform that labor. Such help will no longer be refused lest such employment of it should be distasteful to the Southern aristocracy. He need no longer fear that his noble calling as a soldier will be degraded to the catcher of negroes for nabobs, that they may with greater security devote themselves to fighting us in the field. The property of these aristocrats now stands condemned and forfeited to the United States.

These things, now, are put under the stern guardianship of legislation, and they are fixed laws of the land, no longer subject to be modified by Generals or President. Also, the same class of men are by the same high power decreed to be free. Therefore, at length we have a policy that there is no power short of that of Congress can set aside. I have no doubt it will be the pleasure of the President, as it will be his stern duty, to see that these laws are executed to the letter. But whether it is his pleasure or not, there is no dispensing power under our institutions, and every magistrate who is charged with the execution of the law must answer at his peril.

War, then, is now to commence in earnest, and it will be found that the rebellion will go down before the stern power of the General government, now having a policy and bent upon the destruction of its adversary, like infancy in the hands of a giant. One thing more we may be compelled to before the controversy shall finally end, the announcement of one great truth whose moral power would be greater than that of three hundred thousand men, and I hope it may be borne upon the bayonets of our soldiers as they march, and constitute their battle cry as they encounter the foe, that is, "Liberty and protection to all men who sustain the institutions of Washington and the fathers of the Constitution, and death and destruction to all who seek their overthrow."

Therefore, with one accord, let us "proclaim liberty throughout the land, to all the loyal inhabitants thereof," and thus, having placed the Almighty unmistakably upon our side, let us go forth to execute severe and speedy judgment on all those miscreants who would destroy the only free and equitable government on the face of the earth, that they may erect a frightful despotism upon its ruins, and then let us have a sharp eye for the sympathizing despots abroad, who have shown that our safety can consist only in their ruin. The government will surely triumph over all its foes, and, divested of that weight of iniquity which has been our humiliation at home and scandal abroad, will rise from their troubles, like the fabled phœnix, a thousand times more powerful and glorious than before. Whatever young man shall fail to participate actively in this controversy will have cause to regret it to the last day of his life, as such opportunities only come with centuries. Very truly yours, B. F. WADE.

MILK FOR BABES.

From The Christian Intelligencer.

SOMEBODY of weak brain and shallow heart has sent us a muddy paper in reply to the article entitled "Blood Earnest," in our issue of July 24. The communication being anonymous, is not entitled to notice; but we use it as a peg upon which to hang a few words addressed to semi-secesh people. The aim and tendency of the article referred to was to lessen bloodshed. It maintained that (as all experience shows) a languid war costs far more lives than a sharp, decisive one, and therefore, in the interest of humanity, urged the Administration to act with vigor and rigor, subordinating everything else to the one end of subduing the rebels and conquering a peace. This calm, rational argument is called "goading man's passions!"

Some people cannot sleep at night, because ministers happen to remember that they are citizens and patriots. A minister of the Gospel, if he declares the whole counsel of God, must "put men in mind to obey magistrates," and teach them that the ruler "beareth not the sword in vain." If he thinks the war begun by the South a resistance to justly-constituted authority, he is bound by his office to encourage in every way those who uphold the government, and to point out the wickedness and guilt of those who, under any pretext, take sides with the rebellion, and cast obstacles in the way of our legitimate rulers. If the minister belong to the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, he is the more especially called to this course, because, in the office for the Lord's Supper, he is directed to warn away from the table "all those who are given to raise discord, sects, and mutiny in Church or State." Disloyal men at the North come under the ban of this provision, and it is their minister's duty to apprise them of the fact. Such men, of course, are clamorous that ministers should "preach the Gospel"; as if the Gospel did not include men's civil obligations and relations in its range; as if the present war had no sin in it on one side or the other; as if Christians, as such, had no duties to their country; as if, in order to be a faithful minister, a man must shut his eyes and ears to events with which the whole world is convulsed. We are happy to know that the ministers of our Church are all at their posts, performing the work for which they were ordained; and that all, with a very few *trifling* exceptions, are doing their duty to God and their country by upholding "the powers that be" in their serious struggle with a most gratuitous and wicked rebellion. Nor are they likely to be disturbed by the braying of those persons who cover their sneaking sympathy with secession by a pretended zeal for the "preaching of the Gospel."

[The appearance of such an article as the above in the organ of the Reformed Dutch Church is a sign of the times of no little significance. Of all the religious journals in the land, not one—we do not except "Gordon Bennet" Prime's *Observer*—has inveighed more frequently or more earnestly, in times past, against "political preaching" than *The Christian Intelligencer.*]

MEMORIAL OF THE PUBLIC MEETING OF THE CHRISTIAN MEN OF CHICAGO.

[The following Memorial was adopted "at the great war meeting of Christians, representing all denominations," held in Chicago, on Sunday evening, Sept. 7th.]

To his Excellency, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *President of the United States.*

YOUR memorialists, of all Christian denominations in the city of Chicago, assembled in solemn meeting to consider the moral aspects of the war now waging, would utter their deepest convictions as to the present relation of our country and its rulers to the government and providence of Almighty God; and would respectfully ask a hearing for the principles and facts deemed fundamental to a right judgment of this appalling crisis. And to this we are encouraged by the frequency with which, on various public occasions, you have officially recognized the dependence of the country and its Chief Magistrate upon the Divine favor.

We claim, then, that the war is a Divine retribution upon our land for its manifold sins, and especially for the crime of oppression, against which the denunciations of God's word are so numerous and pointed.

The American nation, in this its judgment-hour, must acknowledge that the cry of the slave, unheeded by man, has been heard by God and been answered in this terrible visitation. The time has at length come of which Jefferson solemnly warned his countrymen, as he declared that the slaves of America were enduring "a bondage, one hour of which is fraught with more misery than ages of that which occasioned the war of the Revolution," and added, "When the measure of their tears shall be full, when their tears shall have involved heaven itself in darkness, doubtless a God of justice will awaken to their distress, by diffusing a light and liberality among their oppressors, or at length by his exterminating thunder, manifest his attention to things of this world, and that they are not left to the guidance of blind fatality."

The slave oligarchy has organized the most unnatural, perfidious and formidable rebellion known to history. It has professedly established an independent government on the avowed basis of slavery, admitting that the Federal Union was constituted to conserve and promote liberty. All but four of the slave States have seceded from the Union, and those four (with the exception of Delaware, in which slavery but nominally exists) have been kept in subjection only by overwhelming military force. Can we doubt that this is a Divine retribution for national sin, in which our crime has justly shaped our punishment?

Proceeding upon this belief, which recent events have made it almost atheism to deny, your memorialists avow their solemn conviction, deepening every hour, that there can be no deliverance from Divine judgments till slavery ceases in the land. We cannot expect God to save a nation that clings to its sin. This is too fearful an hour to insult God, or to deceive ourselves. National existence is in peril; our sons and brothers are falling by tens of thousands on the battle-field; the war becomes daily more determined and destructive. While we speak, the enemy thunders at the gate of the Capital. Our acknowledged superiority of resources has thus far availed little or nothing in the conflict. As Christian patriots we dare not conceal the truth, that these judgments mean what the Divine judgments meant in Egypt. They are God's stern command—"LET MY PEOPLE GO!"

This work of national repentance has been inaugurated by the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, and its prohibition in the Territories, as also by encouragement to emancipation in the Border slave States, offered by Congress at the suggestion of the President.

But these measures do not meet the crisis as regards either the danger of the country or the national guilt. We urge you, therefore, as the head of this Christian nation, from consideration of moral principle, and as the only means of preserving the Union, to proclaim, without delay, national emancipation.

However void of authority in this respect you might have been in time of peace, you are well aware, as a statesman, that the exigences of war are the only limits of its power, especially in a war to preserve the very life of the nation. And these exigencies are not to be restricted to what may avail at the last gasp prior to national death, but are to be interpreted to include all measures that may most readily and thoroughly subdue the enemy. The rebels have brought slavery under your control by their desperate attack upon the life of the republic. They have rate attack upon the life of the republic. They have created a moral, political and military necessity, which warrants the deed, and now God and a waiting world demand that the opportunity be used. And surely the fact that they have placed in our power a system which, while it exposes them, is itself the grossest wickedness, adds infinitely to the obligation to strike the blow.

In this view of a change of power involving an equal change in duty, we will not conceal the fact that gloom has filled our hearts at every indication that the war was regarded as simply an issue between the Federal authorities and the rebel States; and that therefore slavery was to be touched only to the extent that the pressure of rebel success might absolutely necessitate. Have we not reason to expect rebel success on that policy? Are we to omit from our calculations the necessary conditions of Divine favor? Has the fact no moral force, that the war has suddenly placed within the power of the President the system that has provoked God's wrath? Is there not danger that while we are waiting till the last terrible exigency shall force us to liberate the slave, God may decide the contest against us, and the measures that we would not adopt on principle, prove too late for our salvation? We claim that justice, here as everywhere, is the highest expediency.

At the time of the national peril of the Jews under Ahasuerus, Mordecia spake in their name to Queen Esther, who hesitated to take the step necessary to their preservation, in these solemn words: "Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king's house, more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place; but thou and thy father's house shall be destroyed; and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" And your memorialists believe that in Divine Providence you have been called to the Presidency to speak the word of justice and authority which shall free the bondman and save the nation. Our prayer to God is, that by such an act the name of Abraham Lincoln may go down to posterity with that of George Washington, as the second savior of our country.

[Following the good example of the Progressive Friends, the meeting which adopted the foregoing memorial appointed a deputation to bear it to the President. The only account of its presentation that we have seen is furnished by the following telegram to *The Tribune.*]

WASHINGTON, Sept. 14.

"Rev. W. W. Patton and Rev. John Dempster, representing a very large religious meeting held at Chicago a week ago, presented to the President a memorial in favor of emancipation.

"Mr. Lincoln appeared to listen with great attention to the reading of the memorial, and afterward conversed for more than an hour with the delegation, giving his views on the questions raised with apparently great freedom and frankness, and discussing the arguments pro and con with much earnestness. He declared that the subject of emancipation occupied his mind by day and by night, and was brought renewedly to his attention by the course of events and by the arguments addressed to him on one side and the other.

"He was urged in different directions, he said, by religious men of different views. He wanted to be satisfied, before issuing a proclamation of freedom, it would not be a *brutum fulmen*, that it would really accomplish its end in strengthening the cause of the Union and giving liberty to the slaves. He was anxious to know the will of Providence in the matter. If he could find out what it was, he felt sure, unless he were grossly self-deceived, that he would do it."

BOLD AND TRUE.

THE Hon. Thaddeus Stevens, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means in the present House, having been reëlected to said House in 1860 by the pretty decisive vote of 12,964 to 470 scattering, has just been unanimously nominated to the *next* House. On being notified of his nomination, he appeared and addressed the Convention as follows:

FELLOW CITIZENS: I have come for the purpose of thanking you and accepting your nomination. It is always gratifying to a public man to be assured of the continued confidence of those whose servant he is, but especially so in times like these when the wisest men differ on questions of policy. I had prepared to speak on those questions and to criticize, not in a fulsome manner, but as I thought it deserved, the conduct of the war and the present policy of the Administration; but in the last hour I have hesitated whether to speak as I had intended—whether it were proper to criticize now, in this hour of deepest gloom, when we know not where our armies are, but know that they are nowhere successful. But, whether we advise the government or find fault with it, we must all do everything to strengthen the hands of our nation. Let us not despair. Life is not all sunshine—it has gloom with joy, adversity with prosperity—nor is the victory always to the just—human energy and earnestness will often wrest from fate what would seem to belong to justice alone. Possibly we have not yet suffered enough; but let no man falter in his loyalty to his government, no matter how he may criticize its policy; for he who falters now is a traitor, not only to his country, but to humanity and to his God. I have not determined whether to speak as I had intended; perhaps when we know the result of these few days, I may meet you and speak to you. I have protested against the present policy, not only to the people, but to the face of the President and his Cabinet, and on the floor

Abolitionists, you may set him down as belonging to one of these three classes: First, the genuine secessionists; second, those who would be secessionists if they were not making money out of the war; third, those who are so bound up in the New York *Herald* that they cannot discriminate between its lies and the truth. Pshaw! Everybody knows that the men who talk in that style are among those whom the community look down upon. Their whole stock in trade, and their whole knowledge, is summed up in the ability to say Abolitionist, with the tone of a man who began sucking an egg and found it rotten. Don't mind 'em!—*Norwich (Ct.) Courier.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1862.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THIS NUMBER OF THE STANDARD will be put into the hands of some persons hitherto unacquainted with it, in the hope that, upon a candid estimate of its character, they may be induced to give us their names as subscribers. As a mere record of current history it is highly prized by many of the most enlightened and thoughtful men and women of the country, while in hundreds of the best families it is welcomed for the light it sheds on the great question of the age, and the stimulus it affords to all that is highest and noblest in human nature. It brings to a focus, from week to week, the rays reflected by the daily journals, seeking thereby to enlighten the minds of its readers, warm their hearts, stimulate their consciences, and prepare them to act wisely and efficiently in this time of the nation's peril. The most striking utterances of the leading champions of freedom, Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Cheever, Beecher, Conway, Brownson, etc., find a place in its columns. Office, 48 Beekman street. Terms, $2 per annum; $1 for six months.

REBELLION AND TREASON.

NEW phantoms are rising from the infernal caldron seething with the blood of our bravest sons and brothers, to affright the nation from its propriety—"to make mad the guilty and appal the free." Pray God they may warn as well as terrify, so that these apparitions may help to save us from the horrors they threaten us withal! Men's minds are leaving the contemplation of the disgrace which would befal the North in the event of the South vindicating the independence it claims for that of the more fearful consequences of the virtual extension of its dominion over themselves. Frantic as such a suggestion would have been deemed a little year gone by, it has already taken possession of multitudinous minds as one that is by no means among the impossibilities of the future. No wise man will turn from its consideration because of its abominable hatefulness and its sometime absurdity. This war has shown that there is no such thing as absurdity—in the sense of things unlikely to occur on any grounds of reasonable improbability. Too many impossibilities have already come to pass to make it safe to pronounce anything within the range of human action impossible. That success should be the ruin of one General, and defeat the occasion of popularity and promotion to another; that an invading army should reject the assistance of the friendly part of the inhabitants and drive them away from its lines; that the enemy's territory should be occupied at an enormous daily expense for the one single purpose, as far as can be gathered from results, of guarding his property so that he can fight us to the better advantage; that spies should be maintained in our public offices at Washington and notorious rebels in our armies, at our expense, to betray our plans to the enemy; all these things, and too many more, show that there is but one thing absurd, and that is to pronounce anything impossible.

That there has been a vast leaven of treason fermenting at the North, in secret and the dark, ever since the war began, must have been obvious to every intelligent observer of events, acquainted with the facts of human nature. We all remember the confident expectation of the party in this city of which *The Herald* is the worthy organ as to the effect of the resistance of the South. We have not forgotten the proposition of the late Mayor to pass New York over to the Southern government as soon as it had established itself. And we all remember, too, that no man felt certain that those infamous persons did not express the sense of the brute masses of the population. We were all of us almost as much astonished as they were themselves at the uprising caused by the news of Sumter, which trampled them and their treason out of sight for a season. And what we witnessed here we knew existed everywhere else. In every large city and extensively in the rural districts it was evident that an organization existed pledged to prevent or to avenge any blasphemous words or treasonous acts against slavery and the domination of the slaveholders. The Uprising of a Great People compelled these malignants to silence and even to an apparent loyalty. Opposition to the measures to crush out the rebellion was compelled to act privily and by indirection. But no man of sense and experience could believe that those bad hearts were changed in the twinkling of an eye. They remained as full of malice and venom as ever, or rather more than ever from the very chafing of concealment and hypocrisy. They have been lying in wait for opportunities to rescue their rebel masters, and have let none slip that offered themselves unimproved. Under the disguise of especial loyalty, even of Republicanism, they have made themselves heard in Congress, in the State Legislatures and through the press, and have led astray many dupes among well-meaning and well-disposed persons.

> "They, under fair pretence of friendly ends
> And well-placed words of glozing courtesy,
> Baited with reasons not unplausible,
> Wind them into the easy-hearted man
> And hug him into snares."

Especially has it been their policy to throw suspicion and distrust on every General, beginning with Gen. Fremont, who has shown any appreciation of the military necessity of depriving the enemy of the services of the black legions who formed the very substance and essence of his existence, and at the same time to exalt and magnify every officer who had shown himself loyal by his acts to the supreme power of slavery. Gen. McClellan, especially, has been the choice hero of *The Herald*, *The Journal of Commerce*, *The Express*, and of the answering papers of other places, from the faith that he was the man raised up to cure our National ills by such a suppression of the rebellion as should leave its occasion untouched and the dominion of its leaders over the whole country unimpaired. No delays, no defeats, no disasters, of which his career thus far has been mainly made up, could shake their faith in his military prowess. All his reverses were laid to the account of the "radicals," and he has been saluted, in advance of any actual successes, as the future deliverer of the country. Any criticism of his doings or his omissions to do was treated as petty treason at least. Now, we have never been among those who regarded Gen. McClellan as a traitor. We agree with President Lincoln in that opinion, as also in his further belief, that he wished to beat and not to be beaten. We have never given in to the opinion, growing fearfully prevalent, that he has had any intelligence with these privy-conspirators against their country. No proofs have yet come to light of such complicity. But we think there can be no doubt that they have felt themselves sure of their man, and have mixed up his reputation for him accordingly and forced it down the throats of the nation and the army. We trust and believe that they are mistaken in their man, and that he will yet use the great power in his hands for the preservation of the Union by the subjection of the rebels and not by the sacrifice of the liberties of his country. This is no part of the plan of the men who think him the pliant tool of their designs. They have overlooked and excused his defeats because they did not wish our arms to be successful, but to be so reduced, and the strength of the nation so depleted, that a composition with the rebels, equivalent to a surrender, should be possible—a reconstruction of the Union which should make the slaveholders forever masters of the nation.

Even last winter there were not wanting men in this city and throughout the North who openly avowed their hopes that Gen. McClellan would turn Congress out of doors and take possession of the government! As if the possession of Washington would imply the subjugation of the whole nation! Washington is not the United States, as Paris is France, and such a movement would only have turned portions of his army against himself—for it is not to be supposed that he holds in his hand the hearts of all his Generals and soldiers—and created disturbances and factions fighting at the North between his party and the loyal Union men. It would have had the effect of accomplishing at once the success of the rebellion, but not in the way these traitors desired. Secession and not Reconstruction would have come of it. The recent disheartening defeats in Virginia—attributable to Gen. McClellan, if Gen. Pope's Official Report be to be believed—have revived the hopes of these miscreants, and there is a fearful misgiving that they are even now urging him to depose the President, send the Cabinet packing, and extricate us from our distresses by passing us over to Jefferson Davis! Not in that bald and direct way, probably, but after certain manipulations and circumlocutions which should give us an excuse for submission! That there are many men bad enough to suggest such treason we have no question. We cannot believe that he will lend a consenting ear to their seductions. For he must know that no such *coup d'état* would be possible here without armed and desperate resistance, and we do not believe that he can desire to transfer the civil war from the rebellious country to the streets and fields of Pennsylvania, New York and New England. And he must know, farther, that if he has the military capacity to put down the rebellion by force of arms, with the use of all means necessary to that end, there will be no reward that a grateful nation will not be ready to heap upon him. But it behooves all lovers of their country and its liberties, which are all at stake in this contest, to keep a vigilant watch over the traitors about them, and to be ready for any emergency which they can spring upon the nation. Ugly and venomous as is the rebellion, it looks fair and beneficent by side of such treason as this.

MASSACHUSETTS SPEAKS.

SENATOR SUMNER SUSTAINED BY THE REPUBLICAN UNION CONVENTION.

FOR a year past the Hunkerism of Massachusetts has been plotting to prevent the reëlection of CHARLES SUMNER to the Senate upon the expiration of his present term. And when we say the Hunkerism of Massachusetts we do not refer exclusively to the sham Democracy and the malignant residuum of Boston Whiggery, but to a small minority of self-styled conservatives in the Republican party as well. Among these last is Judge Thomas, the successor of Charles Francis Adams in the present Congress, whose conservative course in the House is supposed to have been dictated by the wish to get into Mr. Sumner's place, and by the expectation that in a new adjustment of parties Massachusetts would repudiate her long-trusted Senator as too radical for the times. It was presumed that the Democratic and Belleverett factions, in despair of electing a Senator of their own stripe, would gladly support a conservative Republican in order to put down Mr. Sumner; and it was supposed that in this way votes enough might be obtained in the Legislature to elect Judge Thomas or some other man of the same stripe.

These conspirators, mistaking in their blindness the signs of the times, anticipated a change in the public opinion of the old Bay State which would drive the radicals to the wall and restore to popular favor the Winthrops, the Ashmuns, the Hillards, etc. But, alas for the calculations of these wise men of the East, the tide of public sentiment is running with overwhelming force in exactly the opposite direction, and Mr. Sumner, whose "ultraism" was expected to kill him stone dead, is thereby so strongly entrenched in the hearts of the loyal people, that his enemies will probably seek in vain to dislodge him.

The opponents of Mr. Sumner hoped, by secret movements and combinations in the cities and towns, to secure the election to the Legislature of a majority pledged against him. His friends, on the other hand, resolved to proclaim him as their candidate, and to go into the election with his name inscribed on their banners. Accordingly, in the Republican Convention held last week in Worcester, the following resolution was almost unanimously adopted:

"Resolved, That we recognize and acknowledge the pre-eminent merits and services of our Senators in the Congress of the United States, the Hon. Charles Sumner and the Hon. Henry Wilson. In the posts of duty assigned them by the suffrages of their brother Senators, one as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, and the other as Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs, they have cordially and unreservedly and with manly ability supported all governmental measures and fitly represented the Commonwealth as among the most cheerful and enthusiastic defenders of the government. And now that the second term of our senior Senator is drawing to a close, we desire to express our warm approbation of his course and appreciation of his services and to commend him to the suffrages of his fellow-citizens, whom he has served so well, that the Commonwealth may again honor itself by returning to duty at the Capital a statesman, a scholar, a patriot, and a man of whom any republic in any age might be proud.

In vain did the opponents of Mr. Sumner urge that it was contrary to all former precedent to nominate in such a Convention a candidate for the Senate—that the question should be left open, to be decided by the Legislature without prejudice or personal favoritism, etc., etc. The mass of the delegates from the country towns, regarding Mr. Sumner as the faithful representative of the principles which alone can save the nation from destruction, and indignant in view of the efforts to proscribe and defeat him, were resolved to stand by him, and to go into the election with his name conspicuously inscribed on their flag. We infer from the undisguised mortification and anger of the Hunker press of Massachusetts in view of this action of the Convention, that the conspirators against Mr. Sumner are in despair, regarding his reëlection as certain. We trust their sagacity this time is not at fault.

The following letter from Mr. Sumner was read to the Convention:

BOSTON, 9th Sept., 1862.

MY DEAR SIR: As a servant of the State, I have always on former occasions recognized the right of my constituents in State Convention to expect from me such counsels on public affairs as I could offer, and I have accepted with gratitude the invitations with which they have honored me. If now, in these dark days, when danger thickens, I do not take advantage of the opportunity which you give me, believe me, it is not from indifference to the occasion; nor is it because our duties at this moment are not clear.

Eagerly do our gallant soldiers (God bless them!) rush to the field of death, for the sake of their country. Eagerly do good citizens at home (God bless them!) contribute of their abundance, or it may be of their poverty, to soothe the lot of our soldiers. But there is another duty hardly less commanding. It is for all to unite, without distinction of party, to uphold the government. I recognize, therefore, the just liberality of the call for our Convention, which is addressed not only to Republicans, but also to "all who support the present National and State governments, and are in favor of all means necessary for the effectual suppression of the rebellion." Under such a call, there is no patriot citizen of the Commonwealth who may not claim a place.

Is there any patriot citizen who can hesitate to support the National government, beleaguered by a rebel enemy?

Is there any patriot citizen who can hesitate to support the State government, which, under the inspiring activity and genius of John A. Andrew, is so efficiently sustaining the National government?

And is there any patriot citizen who is not for the use of all means necessary for the effectual suppression of the rebellion?

Were I able to be at the Convention, according to the invitation with which you have honored me, gladly would I appeal to all such citizens. This country must be saved; and among the omens of victory, I hail confidently that unanimity of sentiment and trust with which all loyal citizens now look to the National government, determined that nothing of energy, or contribution, or sacrifice shall be wanting, by which its supremacy may be again established. Another omen is yet needed. It is that the people, forgetting the past, shall lift themselves to that platform of justice and truth, where candor shall at last prevail, and all shall frown indignantly upon the rancors and animosities of party; shall silence the senseless prejudice of personal hate, and shall stifle the falsehoods of calumny, so that at least here among ourselves, there may be that unity and concord which will give irresistible strength to our patriotic labors.

Beyond this appeal, from heart to heart, I should rejoice to show plainly, *how to hamstring this rebellion and to conquer a peace*; all of which I am sure can be done. To this *simple practical purpose*, all theories, prepossessions and aims must yield. So absorbing at this moment is this question, that nothing is practical which does not directly tend to its final settlement. All else is blood-stained vanity. And the citizen soldiers whom you send forth to battle may justly complain, if you neglect any of these means by which they may be strengthened. Good Democrats, who have enjoyed the confidence of their party and also public trust—Daniel S. Dickinson, of New York, and Robert Dale Owen, of Indiana—have borne their generous testimony. So also has Parson Brownlow in a letter which I have just read, where, among other things, he says, that the negroes "must be urged in every possible way to crush out this infernal rebellion." Butler has borne his testimony, when, by virtue of an outstanding order of the rebel Governor of Louisiana, he organized a regiment of colored persons in the patriot service of the United States. Banks also has borne his testimony, when, overtaking the little slave-girl, on her way to freedom, he lifted her upon the National cannon. In this act—the brightest, most touching and most suggestive of the whole war, which art will hereafter rejoice to commemorate—our Massachusetts General gave a lesson to his country. Who can doubt that this country will yet be saved?

I hope you will excuse me to my fellow-citizens of the Convention, and believe me, with much regard,

Very faithfully yours, CHARLES SUMNER.

Hon. WM. CLAFLIN, Chairman of State Committee.

THE CALL OF THE HOUR.

A SERMON,

BY REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM,

Preached in Ebbitt Hall, New York, Sunday, Sept. 14, 1862.

The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.—*Jeremiah viii., 20.*

SAD words, that make the heart sick. The planting time gone; the growing time gone; the reaping time gone; and a famine, not of bread, but of the words and the power of life. Nothing to come but winter, with the winds that freeze the earth, but do not fan it; blasts instead of breezes, arrowy sleet for warm rain, rivers bound in chains of ice; an earth which no furrow can turn over, in which no seed can take root. More than once we have had these mournful words in our ears like the sighing of the autumn wind. Are we to have them again? God only knows. The Hebrews had two harvests; we have but one; Heaven be praised, this year's harvest is not yet gathered; our harvest is not passed, if our summer is.

Once more, good friends, we meet in our little room, after eight weeks of separation. What you have been doing, I do not know. I have been among the mountains, by the sea shore, in the country. I have lived with the breezes on the hills, with the fishes in the brine, with the pines, the flowers, the growing corn, the green grass of my dear old native State—more dear now a thousand times for her heroic fidelity to the nation's cause. I went away with something like a scruple of conscience; for it seemed a shabby, if not a guilty thing to run away from duty, and spend weeks in indolent recreation, which was, perhaps, no better than amusement, while so many were suffering, sorrowing, dying; while hospitals were full of groaning men; while heroic men and women were working hand, heart and brain to daily exhaustion, and calling for the hands, hearts, brains of all who could work; while saints were breaking their hearts in pieces, and angels were walking over heated ploughshares. But, my friends, one does not get rid of duty by going out of town; one can't escape the war by taking an express train; it goes wherever the traveller goes, and stays with him where he stays; it is in every mansion-house, farmhouse and villa; it is in every newspaper, in every conversation, in every face. Among the Berkshire hills the women spent their days making lint for gun-shot wounds. By the sea side at Beverly the women were at work for hospitals; in the city the vestry rooms of the churches, even while the services went on up stairs, were used for sewing circles; and the devotees of the Sanitary Commission toiled in the buildings which trade had deserted. Everywhere was the atmosphere of battle; everywhere was the low rumble of the cannonade; everywhere was the moan of death. The heart could not lay off the weight of it, not for a single day. The body might be in Lenox, in Manchester, in Burlington; the mind was in Washington still, and could not be dragged away long from camp and bloody field.

I said that going away from the city seemed aimless; shall I now say that coming back to the city seemed at first equally aimless? If I asked myself why I took a vacation, I have asked myself since why I have returned from vacation. Why am I here? Why are you here? What is the object of resuming these meetings? What is the use of spending time and money and mental force in carrying on this small organization of ours? Do we meet again with no other end in view than to keep our little sectarian flag flying amid the war clouds; to stand for our "*ism*"; to hold up our doctrinal peculiarity; to criticize other people's dogmatic believing, or to furiously assert our own? Is it worth while to come back and talk about this or the other doctrine, this or the other form, this or the other observance, when the ground of all doctrine, form and observance seems giving way under our feet? Is it not breath wasted now to talk of Unitarianism, Liberalism, Rationalism, and to battle away at creed-mongers, when that which goes deeper than all creeds is in jeopardy, and the very root principles of the Gospel itself are under debate in the councils and the homes of a whole people? Let all that go. You care nothing for it now; I care nothing for it. For my own part, I frankly say to you, I should not be here if I could with any good prospect of usefulness be elsewhere; if I thought I could serve my country better in the army, I should be in the army. I feel that I cannot; I feel that for *me*, that would be throwing life away, without fair compensation for even so small a sacrifice. These are times when power must be economized, not squandered; when each must try to do what he can do best, and work must be well done by being, if possible, well distributed. Alas! if economy of power had been practised hitherto! If we could recall some of those nobly wasted lives! If we could get back again our Winthrop, our Putnam, our Baker—the brain, the heart, the lofty soul, which have been let out by the bullet of some beggarly drummer-boy! If we could have with us once more the earnest genius that has passed away so untimely! It is needed now, and it is needed here.

For the war, my friends, is at home; it is not in Maryland or Virginia, so much as in Washington; it is not in Washington, so much as it is in New York; it is not in any city so much as it is in the secret hearts of the people—in your heart and mine. The war is a *moral* war; it is a war of sentiments, a war of principles, a war of thought, a war of brains, not of bullets. The thunder of the batteries is only the echo of the popular conscience; the battalions march and countermarch in obedience to the private bidding of the people's will. Over the deliberations of the Cabinet presides the presumed wish of the people; over the Generals in the field the real thought of the nation swings its staff. The war is here—it is in ourselves—and I am reconciled to the necessity of remaining outside the camp by the belief that here I am in the midst of the camp, and that here, as a good soldier, I may do my part in the struggle.

And how am I to do it? What is the need and call of the hour? How is the need to be met and the call to be answered here? The supreme duty of the time, as it seems to me, the supreme, pressing, all-absorbing duty of the time, it seems to me, is still the duty that always lies on religious bodies, that always presses on Churches, that presses harder now only because it has not been discharged before; it is *the duty of accumulating moral power for moral emergencies*. What are Churches organized for, if not for this? What do we ever meet here for, if not for this? What do we ever talk of God and the Immortal Life for, if not for this? What do we ever pray for, if not for this? Certainly, when this is in demand, we should keep the flame of prayer burning brighter. Certainly, when this is in demand, the abandonment of our religious organizations should be the last thing thought of. The prophetic utterance, if there be any, should be listened to; the whispers of the still small voice should be listened for.

The moral power is the moving power. Behind every *action*, even of the lowest kind, lies a *passion*; back of every deed is a desire; beneath every movement is a *morale*. The French historian, Thiers, in a recent volume, discusses Waterloo with masterly power; and in the course of his discussion, which is the most elaborate and exhaustive ever attempted, he distinctly lays his finger on the moral causes which brought on that battle, and brought it out. It was a chapter of *accidents*; but every accident was ruled by a *feeling*; the strings which pulled the puppets were heartstrings. *Heartstrings* regulated the machinery by which armies and commanders moved on the chess-board. Heartstrings are here in our bosoms. Heartstrings are woven in the heavenly places, and the threads of which they are woven are faith, love, obedience, hope.

In these lovely weeks of summer Nature has been teaching me one of her old eternal lessons. It is this: Wherever there is a hurt, there is a healing for the hurt, and a healing that is instantly applied to the hurt, *if it is at hand*. But the healing not being at hand, there is DEATH. Strike an axe into a forest tree; the wounded tree seems to send all its vital forces immediately to the sore part; seems to concentrate all its energies on the gash in its trunk; growth in the other parts appears to stand still; life in the other parts appears to be drawn off, in order that this attack on the stem may be repulsed. If it succeeds in repelling it, well; if not, there is an end of the tree; leaf and twig, and branch and bough, wither and die.

Four weeks in the summer, at my father's house, I observed the process of nature diligently at work healing an ugly wound in my brother's shoulder, caused by a rifle-ball. Within was a broken bone, and on either side was a shocking hole through which the bullet passed. Nature was trying to push out the bone at these ghastly orifices, into which a child might have thrust its fist. Day by day the work went on, and it seemed as if no other work did go on. The system devoted its whole attention to the effort. The vital forces were drained from the other parts for this business. The limbs were shrunken, the face was thin and pale, the gait was slow and unsteady, the muscles were relaxed, the nerves were unstrung; life was low everywhere except in this left shoulder; there it was intense. The change went visibly on; splinter by splinter the bone came away; the orifices diminished in size and lost their angry character. When I came away, the victory was sure for nature. I had felt at times that the struggle was doubtful; but nature gained the day, steadily; the vital power was sufficient for its work; having done it, the flesh will come again, the tension, the spring, and the whole healthy economy will go on throughout the system.

So it is with some great life experience of sorrow. At first, like that rifle-wound, it scarcely pains; it is like the sting of a bee; it is a numbness. Some time elapses before the extent and nature of the hurt are perceived. By slow degrees it works its way down into the heart, and seats itself there as an enemy preying on its health. It seems a surface thing, perhaps, in the beginning—a thing that can soon be put out of the way—that can be washed out by a passionate flood of tears—that can be torn out by a violent wrench of the will. It may be very severe, but it is an acute disorder, which brings tears to the eyes and wrings moans from the heart. It is talked about much, and with much excitement; there is a great deal of angry inflammation about it. But in time it becomes a settled malady—a fixed experience—a matter of course and habitual trouble; it takes its allotted place in existence; it is a part of the constitution; thought, wish, affection, hope, memory, accommodate themselves to it. It is present all the time without being much spoken of, but all the powers of the mind and heart silently come up about it, and quietly attack it. For years and years, perhaps, it makes one of the constituent elements of the moral being, and the largest element of it. It is with us morning, noon and night; we wonder what we should do without it—how we ever did without it. It dries up the juices of pleasure; it weakens the spring of temperament; it draws us away from amusements, occupations, interests; it saddens the face, it wrinkles the forehead, it whitens the hair. The heart waters it with its tears, breathes on it with its prayers, wrestles at it with its passion, muses over it in its calm. It is slept on, waked on, dreamed on, lived on; all things are referred to it; it directs and moulds the will. It is a life malady, sucking up the juices of the years. But it is a life education. It drains the very springs of being, but it makes the waters sweeter with the branch of this Tree of Life. Is there moral power in the soul to meet it? the discipline becomes character—ripe, mellow, divine. Is the moral power lacking? there is only heart-break, and anguish, and the bitter death of unbelief.

The analogy holds good as we pass to greater instances. There is disease in our social state; the terrible symtoms of it are not to be mistaken; the war is but a symptom of it. Most people supposed, at first, it was an acute disease, which would show itself in a sudden, sharp attack, and then subside—a flesh wound, that could be healed by a bread poultice, a few magnetic passes of an operator, a good night's sleep, a day or two of careful regimen. It was a slight scratch, just drawing blood; no bones broken, no vital functions touched or disordered; no harm that need draw on the last resources of the system; no hurt that would make necessary a visit from the Great Physician.

We find that the disease is not acute, but chronic—not functional, but organic—and must be dealt with by the *organic power* of the people—by the total moral strength of the popular heart. No sudden assault, no quick appliance, no rapid operation, will cure the malady. It has roots like a cancer, and they are deep down among the vitals, where no knife ever can touch them. The sword-blade will not go deep enough, even if it were not too coarse an instrument for such delicate work. The acute theory has proved mistaken—the acute form of treatment has failed. The disease is deeply seated in the nation's life, and to throw it out must be an experience in the nation's history—a long, settled, dead struggle for life—an organic process, drawing in and absorbing all the energies of the nation's will. Already the phase of surface excitement is passed by; the hurrah, the shout, the enthusiasm, the rush, the declamation, is over; the "spread-eagle" has folded its wings; the patriotism of bunting has had its day; the consecration of banners, amid cheers and "highfalutin," no more serves; lip salve is a failed experiment. The "dead pull" has come. We must settle down to this business, as the physical system settles down to a broken bone, as the heart settles down to a sorrow. We must adjust ourselves to its requirements; we must live with reference to it; we must grow into it. We must gather our remedial forces about it steadily, deliberately, resolutely; we must make up our minds to be drained and exhausted by it; we must not complain if, in this long struggle with a deep-seated malady, we lose the bloom on our cheeks, the flesh on our bones, the natural joy and exuberance of our animal spirits. We must not complain if it takes awake our appetites, reduces our blood, dulls our eye, makes our days careful and our nights uneasy; if it claims a part of every dollar we spend, and enters into every plan we form; if it makes our larder lean, empties our wine-cellar, puts out our cigar, makes us walk feebly and falteringly like invalids, *since invalids we are*. The disease touches the vitals, and only the organic power that is in us—the power of *soul* we have—will in the least avail to heal or eradicate it.

The disease, O my friends, is *moral*—not pecuniary, not political, not sectional—but *moral*. The war is terrible enough. O heavens! how terrible it is! how awful it is becoming! But the war is not the disease—only the symptom of the disease. Judge the disease by the symptoms, alas! what must it be? The frightful nature of these symptoms was long concealed from us. In the beginning there was a glory about the war that dazed us. The rushing of the multitude together as by inspiration—the exultant roar that went up from thousands of hearts—the lightning in the people's eyes—the heaven-illumined brows—the fresh young heroism that was stirred, made us feel like the first crusaders, so full of triumph, so flush with joy, so winged with hope, that the weapons of war seemed more like decorations than like the murderous tools they were; the war-god was transfigured, and to some gentle eyes wore the features of the Christ. The terror was lost in the beauty—the lightning in the light. That period is past, and we have now only the ghastliness of it; it is *war*, just as it has always been described by poets and moralists; it is war on a tremendous scale, with every horror complete and naked to the view. I take back all I once said in vindication of it; it was said under circumstances that no longer exist, and under impressions which time has proved to be mistaken. It was said under the influence of a very noble seeming enthusiasm, which, had it been as noble as it seemed, and had it lasted as it began, would really have smoothed the wrinkled front of war, and changed this devil's play into work of the immortals. Now, I hear the silver voice of the Christ again, and I call it *demon*. My fancy faints in the endeavor to picture but a tenth part of its smallest abomination. I take some single item in the catalogue of the last few weeks' desolations, and my very soul grows sick over it. The slaughtered thousands—the worn-out and wasted thousands—the thousands brought low by shocking diseases—the demoralization of the camps—the glutted hospitals—the dead putrifying on the battle-field and stifling the wounded by their rot—the herds of prisoners devoured by vermin in tobacco warehouses—the vast armies of the lame, the crippled, now beginning to swarm in our city streets—the purchased volunteers—the bribed recruits—the impromptu patriots, painfully bought beforehand—the sanguinary blunders and murderous mistakes of officers—the jealous quarrels of Generals—the drowning of whole families in seas of blood—oh! God, every atom of it is a heart-break; every atom of it is a woe that cleaves the soul; every atom of it is in itself a disease, calling in no less a physician than the Christ. And yet this is not the disease—all this together is not the disease—all this together is but an *indication* of the disease—a *symptom* of it, an evidence that it exists, a sign of its whereabouts and of its nature. This is actually only the tearing of the nation's flesh, the abrasure of the skin, the surface ulceration, the festering which the disease causes. All this would go down at once, if the disease could only be reached with its proper remedy. The disease, what is it? *It is the Contempt of Man, embodied in the institution of Slavery.* That is it—that and nothing else. In vain will you apply to this your sugar of lead, reducing the outward inflammation. To no purpose would you stop the war, spike the cannon, stack the rifle, disband the regiments, dismiss the Generals, leaving this untouched. To no purpose will you aggravate the war, multiply the cannons, level the rifles, increase the regiments, leaving this untouched. For this is the disease, and this disease, so long as it is in the system, will produce these symptoms endlessly, and without fail.

And so the question is, as I stated at the outset, Whether there is in us organic health enough to deal with this malady—organic health enough—health enough of soul, health enough of conscience and heart. If there is not, we are lost; and whether there is or not remains to be seen. And in order that when it is seen it may be seen to be sufficient, we must keep the fires burning on the altars of our worship; we must strengthen ourselves by our religion; we must, like Antæus in the strangling arms of Hercules, touch again and again the native ground of our being, which is God. And I persuade myself that he is no idler, that he is no useless member even of a community inflamed by war, that he is no bad soldier of the King of kings, who simply stands still and pours oil into the divine lamp of Conscience, and keeps from utter extinguishment the smoking flax of the heart.

Have we force enough in us to throw out this disease? That, my dear friends, is the only question. Not, can we survive the ravages of the war? Not, can we rearrange our disordered estate? Not, can we recover our financial prosperity? Not, can we cover over with healing the ghastly wounds of the heart? Not, shall our lives and fortunes survive the terrible ordeal? But, can we, though spent by the effort, can we engender strength sufficient to throw out the *disease*, even through volcanic vents? A million of men will not do it—thousands of millions of money will not do it; but the breath of a moral conviction *will*. An old myth says that the walls of Jericho, those massive walls of stone which fenced in the royal city of a doomed and impious race, fell down level to the ground at the blast of the Hebrew trumpets. Arrows glanced from them as from the everlasting mountains; swords bent against them like bulrushes; armies rolled up and seethed around them as the waves rave round the highlands of the Nevesink, to die away in impotence. Still those towers mocked the morning star; still behind the buttressed adamant, as behind a chain of mountains, the hideous adoration of the bloody gods went on, and Moloch's mouth was red, Moloch's beard was dripping with the gore of the infants he devoured; still the infernal fires blazed, and mothers passed their children through. Then Joshua bethought him of the breath of GOD, and the gigantic walls melted beneath it, as the ice on the Hudson melts at the smile of spring. Have we this breath?

My friends, it is my conviction that if we have it not this moment, we *may* have it, and *shall* have it. I will never preach fear or despondency. They both are children of unbelief. When I become an atheist, I will tell you; but till I do become one, I shall preach courage and faith, and an inexhaustible hope.

Let us briefly estimate our moral forces; let us take a rapid inventory of conscience.

That we have moral power in some kinds no one is able to gainsay. Nothing could surpass the willingness of our people to pour out money and life in a cause that interests them; nothing can surpass their willingness to make personal sacrifices for what is to them an idea—for what is to them a principle. That is much. The idea may not be the grandest, the principle may not be the loftiest; it may be the mere formal reconstruction of the Union; it may be the vindication of the letter of the Constitution; it may be the assertion of the nation's title to live. Still, it is an idea—it is a principle. We are not Mammon-worshippers quite—we have *a* spirit of sacrifice, whether it be the holiest spirit of sacrifice or not. That is much; more than that, it is *grand*—it is, under all abatements and qualifications, it is very sublime, this continued resolution of the people to uphold the national honor, to preserve the national integrity, to vindicate the national law, to preserve the national order, at any cost of treasure and life. That alone is about as noble a thing as history can show in the same kind. The patriotism may not be altogether pure—patriotism never has been altogether pure; but it is *patriotism*; and such as it is, it is unflagging and unappalled; it is resolute love of country.

Again: We wonder every day at the patience of our people—at their still long-suffering endurance—at their trust in the government, in the army, in the powers that rule events—a quiet, dumb waiting for the end. It is in a moral aspect very grand—grand, if we may say so, because it is unintelligent—for the unintelligence of it is like an instinctive repose of the soul on eternal powers. Everybody sees that the patience may be carried too far, that the trust may be overdone. Thoughtful men become impatient with the patience, and angry with the trust—call on the nation to awaken from a confidence which is not faith, but stupor. Still the patience is sublime, for it indicates vast unsounded deeps of latent power—the power that is most terrible, either for resistance or for aggression—the power that is not stirred, simply because the breeze that shall stir it has not fairly begun to blow—the power which is not roused to fury by the prick of a sword, or the picking of a pocket, which does not turn in its sleep at the braying of a donkey or the howling of a wolf, but which thrills through and through when the angel of the Gospel appeals to it in the name of liberty. This power of endurance may be yet the power of victory. This creature that never complains may be the creature that never yields.

Nor let us forget—nay, let us deeply, and gratefully, and proudly remember—the Christian heroism of our women. I will not try to say of it all I feel, for I should lose my voice in the effort; nor is it needful, for you all feel it as much as I do. It is exceedingly beautiful and very inspiring to see the development of such an undying faith in those who are strongest when they are weak; the cheerful industry, the steady constancy, the quiet enthusiasm, which burn like vestal fires on every household altar; to see the fortitude with which only sons are sent away to the army, the more than fortitude with which they are received back, dead, to be laid in their cold cradles of earth. To see the bravery with which wives dismiss their husbands truly increases one's faith in humanity. A husband and his wife sat, one day this summer, at table in their lovely villa by the sea side. They were both young, still in the full enjoyment of wedded love, surrounded by everything that could make life dear. Little children were around them, twining their tendrils about their hearts, and making their home a paradise. They were sitting at their dessert in silence. The silence was broken by the husband, who said: "Emma, I have something to say to you." "Well, dear, what is it?" "Two or three times lately I have been solicited to raise a company for the war. You know that my education was partly military, and that I have been interested always in military affairs. At first I positively declined; the overtures were made a second time—I refused a second time. A third time I was entreated, and I said I would if you gave your consent, not otherwise. What do you say, my child?" For some moments neither spoke. The struggle went on silently. Then the wife looked up at her husband and said: "Richard, you know what you are to me and to our children. I cannot bear to think of life without you. But after what has passed, there is but one thing to be done. Do you suppose that you and I could ever sit face to face again, as we do now, with the same mutual respect and confidence, with the same unabated honor and entire love, if you declined this duty? Never again. You must go. We must part for this, or I fear that something else will part us more fatally." There is virtue in a people whose wives can speak like that.

Still, we must not conceal it from ourselves that virtue like this is not sufficient for our need. Something of this, and probably as much, they have who are against us on the other side. And along with this among ourselves goes often that fatal lack of *humanitarian* force, that strange blindness to the real nature of our disease, that deadly indifference to the real matter at issue, that *hostility*, perhaps, to those who would probe the wound to the bottom, which goes far to neutralize all the nobleness. Inhuman sentiments run round these sewing circles often; and the spirit of contempt for an inferior race corrupts the blood of the sacrifice.

On the one hand, there is far too little of the Christian feeling which bids us forgive our enemies; on the other, there is far too little of the Christian feeling that bids us recognize the manhood of the poor and weak. There is too much vindictiveness towards the slave-owner—there is too little consideration for the slave;—fatal either to the noblest success—doubly fatal both.

We must overcome these two formidable obstacles. We must generate force enough to overcome them. We can generate it if we will; the capacity for it is in us; the materials for it are in us; they are ready to be used. We need faith to use them. When the Son of Man cometh, he cometh at midnight, and it is not midnight yet. Will he find this faith? I believe he will. In spite of all that is said to the contrary, the belief deepens that the significance of slavery in this conflict is seen with more and more distinctness—that the character of slavery is viewed with more and more detestation—that the resolution to have done with slavery knocks louder and louder at the gates of Washington—and that the answer to that resolution will soon come from the occupant of the White House. We *can* summon up the energies to cast out the disease, and restore the bedevilled nation to its sane mind, if we will. But we must do it by falling back on the everlasting principles of religion; we must do it by going up to the everlasting God, who is also the everlasting Father; we must do it by studying the laws of Providence, as they are written on the pages of history, as they are illustrated in the rise and fall of states, as they are enunciated by the lips of wise and holy men, as they are engraved on the living tablets of the universal heart of enlightened man. We must do it by dwelling on the capacity, the worth, the destiny of every human soul; by insisting on the grandeur of the moral sentiments, the permanency of principles, the strength and blessedness of high convictions, the superiority of the mind to its conditions and of the soul to its fortunes, the power of the inward life, the praise of honor and justice and truth even to-day, the majesty of the immortal life within us. We must do it by sitting at the feet of the great Martyr and Saint, the Christ, to whom all that is best in us owes allegiance, to whom all that is wisest in us goes for teaching, to whom all that is heroic in us looks for inspiration.

To feed you with this living bread from heaven is the preacher's duty now, as it always has been—the grand old, deathless duty. If he can give this nourishment to your individual soul, he will give it to *all* souls—he will strengthen every heart—he will lift up every sinking hand—he will lighten every closing eye. As every drop of blood feeds the whole system—stomach, brain, heart—so every drop of Christian charity sustains the nation—its army, its Cabinet, its people. It is a personal matter this. Be a man, be a woman here in New York, and your manhood, your womanhood shall tell in New Orleans. Hang out your flag of loyalty to the Eternal Justice in your counting room, and it will stir the air of Baltimore. Wherever

THE FREEDMEN OF PORT ROYAL.

TESTIMONY OF REV. MANSFIELD FRENCH.

THE announcement that the Rev. Mansfield French, of this city, who has been prominently identified from the first with the efforts for the physical and moral improvement of the Freedmen at Port Royal, would give an account of his labors and those of his associates at the Church of the Puritans, drew to that place of worship, on Sunday evening last, a crowded assembly. We avail ourselves of *The Times's* report of his address.

NEGRO INDUSTRY.

Those who accuse the negroes of indolence and unthriftiness, said the lecturer, not only do the poor black man cruel injustice, but speak directly in defiance of the facts. On the plantations marked out for their labor by the government, and controlled by the Superintendents of the Freedmen's Association, not only did the negroes, who came to the flag for freedom, thoroughly cultivate their allotted portions, and perform the extra tasks assigned them, but in very many instances tilled five times as much ground for themselves, and a large number of them now have saved from $2 to $50 this season out of their earnings for themselves. There sat in the audience a poor colored woman from Georgia, an escaped slave, who had laid by full $50 in that way to bring North, but had been robbed of it on her way hither. On their own portion of ground the negroes raised the little corn, cotton, rice, potatoes and melons they themselves required, and a quantity for sale besides. To do this they rose early and watched late, and not only was their zeal in this work of self-emancipation from poverty a marvel, but so cheerful and contented were they withal, that there was no danger whatever, should they universally gain their freedom, that the North would be overrun with them, and the price of labor diminished, but the contrary would hold good. The plantations of the teeming South would be cultivated and made to produce as they had never done before by free labor, and the process would be superintended by Northern farmers, or others imbued with similar principles. The climate there was by no means so unhealthy as it had been represented, and the resources of life were in profuse abundance. Dr. French here drew a pleasing picture of the improvements introduced into the home-life of the negroes—how, as they began to feel free and earn an independent subsistence, their cabins were whitewashed, swept clean, kept in order, pictures and maps cut from illustrated newspapers were pasted up on the walls by the women as a decoration, the rivalry in neatness thus produced, and the general elevating and refining effect. On his representation, the commanding officers and the Society had permitted him to introduce into some twenty-five of the cabins on twenty-five different plantations what had never been known before—a window with panes eight by twelve inches in dimension. To this luxury of life were subsequently added tables three by four feet, good strong tin wash-basins, and soap, stout bedticks, which the negro women themselves made up, and finally, a small looking-glass for each cabin. The effect of the father of the family, sitting at the head of his new table, while his sable wife and children gathered around it, and pronouncing a benediction on the humble fare, was very touching. Hitherto, they had boiled their hominy, etc., in a common skillet, and eaten it out of oyster shells when and wherever they could, some in-doors and some outside, in every variety of attitude. The ludicrous pranks of both old and young darkies on eyeing themselves for the first time in the mirror were amusingly described.

THE PIETY

of the negroes was declared to be so deep, so strong, and so trustful, that the Doctor declared he ever felt uplifted and exalted in contemplating it. They all fully and sincerely believed that God was in the new things they beheld, and was working irresistibly for them.

THE SCHOOLS

established were numerous, and successful beyond all previous belief. They numbered in all from 3,000 to 5,000 learners, of all sexes and all ages, from tiny childhood up to decrepit age. The thirst, the appetite and aptitude of all these pupils was surprising; and it was a touching spectacle to see mothers with babes at their breast, old grey-headed men and matrons sitting about —some on benches, some on the floor, following the wand of the teacher as it pointed out the letters and words of one and two syllables to be pronounced and spelt aloud. One venerable patriarch of 75, after a few lessons, distinguished himself in spelling, and when asked why he took such trouble in his old age, replied that old as he was he wanted to learn to read the blessed Book (the Bible) when he "wert over Jordan." At Fernandina the Doctor opened a school on the very first day with 112 pupils, and on the second it was largely increased, the juveniles alone numbering 107. He there called in to his assistance a soldier from the noble Ninth Maine Regiment, and among his classes found two young women, one from Jacksonville, Fla., and the other from Georgia, who could read quite well, and these, too, he got to assist. He found that these girls also possessed rich voices and rare talents for music, and with their aid opened a singing-class. One lovely afternoon, at the close of the usual exercises, there was a pause—the strangest, most impressive pause the Doctor ever felt—and then, suddenly the clear, round full voice of the Florida girl opened with—

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the ground,"

and by magic, the whole singing-class, sixty in number, chimed in, bringing out the chorus with an effect that made him weep. Where they had learned it he could not conjecture, but it was given with wonderful precision and vigor, and created a great sensation in the town. The windows of the large public building in which they sang being out, the "Secesh Union" people of the place—the only kind of Union people down there—swarmed about the premises in amazement. While the class sang they were joined by forty more scholars, and the entire one hundred marched around and around, keeping time to the cadence. Yet, when the Doctor spoke to a Massachusetts lady, who had lived South several years, and had two pianos in her house, to solicit her aid in giving the colored songstress an opportunity to receive instruction, she pompously declined, saying that she deemed it "derogatory to the character of the sex."

THE NEGRO BRIGADE

was spoken of in high terms. Without arms and scarcely clad, the negroes, when organized, were docile, obedient, and easily disciplined. Gen. Hunter kept them thus for four months, and employed them to lade and unlade ships, and do other work to relieve the white soldiers; but when he found that the latter reviled and abused them in every conceivable way, his conscience would not let him subject them to such treatment any longer. Arms and equipments at length came, but the brigade was shortly after disbanded.

THE PRO-SLAVERY UNION GENERALS,

as Dr. French called them, were, from the highest to the lowest, bitterly satirized by him, with the remark that he had learned "free speech down in Georgia." The Doctor's declaration, that the government, in endeavoring to exclude universal freedom from the contest, was fighting against Omnipotence; that God has his hand upon the nation's pulse, and would dig its grave if that pulse beat not true to liberty; that this war was upon the Negro Question, and not about Jeff. Davis and the South; and that man must be blind who did not see in what was occurring there the doom of slavery, was received with tremendous applause.

The negroes, he said, would fight valiantly, gloriously, and to the death; they had every incentive, and Gen. Hunter had said that with two full brigades composed of such material as the first, he could have conquered all Florida (renewed applause).

Reverting to the proposed abandonment of the Southern Department and the 15,000 blacks who had escaped to the Flag from bondage, the lecturer protested most solemnly against, and said that upon the measure being hinted to Commodore Dupont, the latter had with uplifted hands exclaimed that if his country could do so cruel and monstrous a thing, he would feel like breaking his sword, turning his back upon the land, and going away to Europe, there to end his days!

This, like many other forcible points of Dr. French's discourse, was received with most vehement demonstrations, but upon one occasion, when he bore very severely and emphatically upon Gen. McClellan, some very distinct hisses mingled with the approbation. It would be impossible to narrate all the anecdotes, illustrations and vivid pictures with which this highly instructive two hours' lecture was replete. We only give an outline.

THE HERO OF THE PLANTER,

Robert Smalls, was at the close introduced by the Doctor, and proceeded to give a detailed narrative of his famous escape with the steamer Planter, from Charleston harbor. He was a fine-looking negro of 30, and spoke with ease and self-possession. His wife and children were present and were introduced to the audience, in company with Catherine Geniac, Joanna Fleming, Philip Dornay and William and Anne Summerson, all likely-looking fugitive slaves. The surprising and grotesque adventures of the last two persons (man and wife) who escaped by letting themselves be headed up in rice casks, and so conveyed in a waggon of provisions through Charleston to the shore, were amusingly related by Dr. French.

As the congregation broke up, crowds gathered around the "contrabands" to compliment them, and Dr. French announced that any contributions might be sent to No. 400 Broadway, and any applications offering employment to his *protegés*, could be sent to his office, No. 5 Beekman street.

THE NORTH BRITISH REVIEW for August (L. Scott & Co.'s American Edition, 79 Fulton st.) contains eight articles, with the following titles: History, Philosophy, and Mr. Goldwin Smith; Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-Norman Christianity; British Alpine Botany; Edward Irving; Essayists, Old and New; Lord Stanhope's Life of Pitt; Mr. St. John's Borneo; Lord Canning.

The article on Edward Irving (supposed to have been written by the son-in law of the late Dr. Chalmers) furnishes a critical estimate of the character and a careful review of the life and labors of that erratic pulpit celebrity.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, September 15, 1862.

WE are now getting our pay for refusing to strike the rebels in the only spot where we could hurt and kill. We chose our course deliberately—refused to do justice to the slave—and the evil days are upon us. I shall not easily forget the day when Gen. Hunter's famous Emancipation Order reached this city, or rather news of it by telegraph. There was great excitement in political circles for a few days. It was claimed by the conservatives that the President would revoke the order; by the radicals that he would do no such thing. On Sunday, Mr. Lincoln decided to revoke it, and the fact came out in Monday's papers. The next Sunday, Gen. Banks was on the retreat across the Potomac. Our series of disasters commenced that day, and they have continued ever since. We have supped on horrors for six months, and have not yet learned the truth, or if we have learned it, we have not the courage to avow it and act upon it.

It looks very much just now as if it was too late to avail ourselves of it. The slaves of the South will not believe to-day that it is in our power to free them. We have been so long retreating before the foe, that they will naturally *turn to him* for protection instead of to us.

But, in the midst of exciting events like those surrounding us, it may not be wise to criticize the past with too much severity. We must make the best of the past, and now endeavor to save the nation in the present and future. No matter what may be the failings of the Administration, one cannot fail to see that it must be sustained or we utterly perish. The country must unite as one man to beat back the horde of rebels now threatening not only Washington but the entire North with "subjugation." We seem to be in danger of having to swallow some of our own medicine, just now! If we are unable to beat the enemy back, perhaps we shall deserve to be subjugated.

Imagine the Jeff. Davis rule in Philadelphia and New York! If any one inclines to inaction and peace, he must try to picture the horrors of the rule of Jefferson Davis over this entire land. There is but one way open to us now, and that is to beat the rebels back, to destroy them utterly. There is a great cry for *more troops*, and it is well enough, but what we need is not so much more troops as it is good generalship, brave and skillful officers, and courageous troops. We have two hundred thousand available troops within fifty miles of the Capital. If they were properly disciplined and led, they could crush all the rebels now in Maryland to powder in a week; and I will admit that they have one hundred thousand over here at this moment, though one *knows* very little upon the subject at the present writing. Oh! for generalship. Oh! for good officers. "Abraham Lincoln, *give us a man!*"

The contrabands in the vicinity of Washington have been of great value within the past week. The government has put them to work on the fortifications around the city, and it did it at a time when such work was so much needed that a draft upon white labor would have been made if the contrabands had not been here where they could have been used. I have seen nobody who had any prejudice against colored men so strong that they could not endure them in the ditches, at work in the place of white men. As the editor of the Cincinnati *Gazette* says, in reference to the panic there—in the presence of danger the prejudice against negroes vanished! Let the danger be great enough, and the colorphobists will most gladly welcome aid from the colored man. Gov. Wadsworth is just the man to attend to these contrabands, and see that they are not abused by their white enemies. The War Department, however, made a sad mistake the other day in sending colored men down to Manassas, under flag of truce, to bury our dead. As soon as the work was done, the scoundrels of the Southern Confederacy seized the entire lot, and marched them down to slavery! What a fact is this for those Englishmen who try to pretend that the South is not fighting for slavery! Here were men who went under a flag of truce to perform one of the sacredest rites of humanity, and they were seized *as property!* But the government is criminal in that it exposed these poor fellows to such dangers. It should have had better foresight. But the simple fact is that Mr. Stanton, though an earnest, honest man, has not a particle of caution or good judgment. He is wildly impulsive, and just so long as he is Secretary of War, the people may look out for any antic from that Department, no matter how singular. The social rights of the citizen are nothing to him, if bent on any particular purpose. If he dared, he would throw the Governor of a State into Fort Lafayette, if that Governor chanced to displease him in any manner. Even in such extreme dangers as those which now surround us, it is better to guard against the usurpations of such men. They claim to do everything in the name of liberty, but watch them carefully! Mr. Stanton has great virtues nevertheless, and his energy has done something for us, but his restlessness renders him a dangerous man in times of great excitement.

Gen. Banks is a growing man here just now. He stands very high with Republicans, and in fact with all sorts of people. He has steadily advanced in the esteem of his government. Take Mr. Chase out of the Cabinet, and there is no man remaining half as popular as Mr. Banks. That he would make an admirable Secretary of War no man can seriously doubt. He has the requisite *steadiness* as well as energy for the place. Our leaders need *to be cool* in times of great danger. Gen. Lew. Wallace at Cincinnati, Gov. Curtin at Harrisburg, and Mr. Stanton at Washington have shown that in a panic they are not self-possessed. I have private advices from Cincinnati that the course of Wallace disgusted the town. Think of a General closing the baker's and butcher's shops because an enemy was fifty or eighty miles off. A little judgment was necessary. He might have had all the laborers and all the impromptu soldiers he wanted by judicious action, without compelling old and young, weak and strong, without a day's notice, to go into ditches or shoulder the musket. So with Gov. Curtin. His order demanding that *every* able-bodied man in the vast State of Pennsylvania should go and buy him a musket and stand ready to be sent off to the border, added to the panic rather than the strength of the State. If he had put the militia of the State to drill, and then organized a volunteer corps of 100,000 men along the border Counties, his army of raw recruits would have been worth more to him than half a million of rabble. So at least it seems to me, after hearing intelligent military men discuss the matter. But there can be no doubt upon one point—that the North must put forth every effort, or she will be disgraced. A week more will perhaps tell the story. I cannot believe that in any event (and our present condition is certainly anything but pleasant and hopeful) Washington will fall into the hands of the enemy. Nor will Baltimore. If these cities ever pass under the flag of the slaveholding Confederacy, it will be by the consent of the North after it shall have been fairly beaten otherwheres. I am supposing that the hundred thousand troops here are not cowards, and will fight well. Perhaps I ought to say rather, that I am calculating on some sort of generalship, meanly as we have succeeded in that line heretofore. Our troops under good officers certainly cannot be beaten by any of the rank and file from rebeldom.

Whatever comes, slavery is bound to go by the board. Even if separation comes, I shall believe that it will be because God knows that the devilish institution will perish through such means quicker than by a reunion of the States.

AVON.

TRIBUTE TO HENRY GREW.

AT a meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, held 9th month 11th, 1862, the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That in the death of our venerable and venerated friend, HENRY GREW, this Society feels the loss of a most faithful and earnest coadjutor.

Espousing the Anti-Slavery cause when it was first agitated in this country, he continued to give it his faithful, consistent support to the day of his death, never faltering for a moment, even in its darkest hours.

The measure of a long and excellent life being filled, he now rests from his labors; we would so cherish his memory as to strengthen our own faithfulness to the cause we love.

G. M. S. P. JONES, Secretary.

OUR Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware subscribers, especially those who are in arrears, are requested to remit the amount they owe to J. M. McKim, 106 North-Tenth street, Philadelphia, before the 1st of October.

FORM OF PETITION TO THE PRESIDENT.

WE, the undersigned, People of the United States, do solemnly call on the President, as the organized Head of the Nation, immediately to declare universal Freedom (except for crime) in every State in Rebellion against the Government, and to extend just and equal protection to all classes of Loyalists, as the sure, potent, and speedy means to put down the Rebellion and secure Union and Peace.

VOTERS. | MALES (NON-VOTERS). | FEMALES.

☞ *Please circulate this Petition as extensively and speedily as possible, and return it to the Central People's Committee, Box 38, Worcester, Mass., on or before the 25th of September.*

GOLD PENS.—On the fourth page will be found a rhymed commendation of Morton's Gold Pens, by the venerable John Pierpont, now employed in the Treasury Department, Washington. Having used Mr. Morton's pens, we can honestly say, that in reading Mr. Pierpont's rhymes no abatement should be made on the score of "poetic license." In fact, there is even "more truth than poetry" in what he says. To his testimony we add that of Mr. Greeley, as published in *The Tribune* of April 12, 1862.

"The Gold Pen is, we believe, a Yankee invention. At all events, while our oldest recollection of Steel Pens bears a British stamp upon it, we do not remember to have seen a European Gold Pen for sale in this country; and if any are, or ever were, imported, their number must have been few. We are confident that such Pens do not figure in the Federal Treasury's annual catalogue of imports.

"The Gold Pen in its infancy was a rude affair, made by hand, and clumsily made. Now every one of the thirty or forty processes through which it passes from the melted metal to the finished pen, is achieved by the aid of steam and machinery, precisely as the best fire-arms are made at the U. S. Armory at Springfield, Mass. Mr. Morton's spacious manufactory is full of costly and delicate machines, together costing many thousands of dollars, by the aid of which every operation is performed with an economy, celerity and accuracy utterly unattainable by manipulation alone. Such pens as he sells for $1 could not be made by hand for double that sum—in fact, could not be made at all. For ten years and more, he has been inventing and perfecting the machines he now uses, until he can now turn out a thousand pens per week with less labor than would have originally been required to make a hundred. And it is probable that he has not yet attained the ultimate goal of his endeavors.

"During the last four months Mr. Morton has sent away to our order ten thousand six hundred and eighty-five pens, each of them to some friend who had aided us in extending or sustaining the circulation of *The Tribune*. In not more than ten instances have we had complaints of the non-receipt of the pens thus transmitted, while in barely *two* instances have we been apprised that the pens received were not entirely satisfactory; and these were promptly replaced by Mr. Morton. Such a spontaneous tribute to the excellence of his workmanship and the care with which his business is transacted, enables us to assure our friends that those who see fit to order pens of him by mail will not be disappointed either in the receipt or the quality of the goods, and we heartily commend them to public favor."

Mr. Morton's place of business is 25 Maiden Lane, New York.

HOPE DEFERRED.—We find the following encouraging statement in a recent letter from Washington to *The Evening Post*. God grant that the hope it is fitted to excite in the fainting hearts of the friends of liberty may not prove illusory!

"But little is said of the long interviews held by Mr. Lincoln with leading Northern statesmen, to whom he submits his well-developed ideas for a proclamation which, when issued, will end the war and its cause. When success shall again have crowned our arms, this important document may be confidently expected; although desperate efforts have been made, are now making and will be made to stifle it with the wet blanket of Border State Conservatism."

That "wet blanket"! when will some strong hand tear it into shreds, that it may no longer blind the eyes and smother the heart of the President?

The pressure of public opinion upon the President from the East, North and West is very strong. Says the same correspondent quoted above, under date September 16:

"A prominent Northwestern statesman waited on the President yesterday to lay before him a statement of the fearful atrocities committed by the Indians. Mr. Lincoln listened to the sad recital with his wonted attention, and at its conclusion remarked, earnestly: 'Is God against us?' 'No, Mr. President,' was the reply, 'God is not against us, but a majority of the people, I fear, begin to think that the Administration is against them. They have cheerfully contributed their sons and their money, meeting every requisition, submitting to every requirement, and making no complaints. But their implicit confidence in the Administration is giving way to doubt and dissatisfaction.' I mention this incident to show the sentiment of the Northwest, and also to show that Mr. Lincoln knows what it is."

Chronicles of the War.

The Rebel Invasion of Maryland.

From The Tribune of Tuesday.

The city was jubilant yesterday. Early in the morning we had a brief dispatch from Gen. McClellan to the General-in-Chief, dated at his headquarters, three miles beyond Middletown, not far from Harper's Ferry, saying that, after a very severe engagement, the corps of Gens. Hooker and Reno had carried the height commanding the Hagerstown road by storm. The troops behaved magnificently. They never fought better. Gen. Franklin had been hotly engaged on the extreme left. The action continued until after dark, and terminated leaving us in possession of the entire crest. It had been a glorious victory. Gen. McClellan said: "I cannot yet tell whether the enemy will retreat during the night or appear in increased force in the morning. I regret to add that the gallant and able Gen. Reno is killed." The next dispatch was dated at 3 a.m. Monday morning. It was, in effect, that Gen. Franklin's success on the left was as complete as that on the centre and right, and resulted in his getting possession of the Gap, after a severe engagement in all parts of the line. The troops, old and new, behaved with the utmost steadiness and gallantry, carrying, with but little assistance from our own artillery, very strong positions, defended by artillery and infantry. Gen. McClellan does not think our loss is very severe. The corps of Gens. D. H. Hill and Longstreet were engaged with our right. We had taken a considerable number of prisoners. The enemy disappeared during the night. Our troops were advancing in pursuit. Five hours later Gen. McClellan telegraphed this: "I have just heard from Gen. Hooker, in the advance, who states that the information is perfectly trustworthy that the enemy is making for the river in a perfect panic, and Gen. Lee stated last night, publicly, that he must admit they had been shockingly whipped. I am hurrying everything forward, to endeavor to press their retreat to the utmost." It is hardly necessary to state that this dispatch set the people wild with joy. It was followed only two hours later, by this: "Information this moment received completely confirms the rout and demoralization of the rebel army. Gen. Lee is reported wounded, and Gen. Garland killed. Gen. Hooker alone has over 1,000 more prisoners, 700 having been sent to Frederick. It is stated that Lee gives his loss as 15,000. We are following as rapidly as the men can move."

From the same of Wednesday.

About 12-o'clock last night we received an Associated Press dispatch from Harrisburg, stating that Jackson had recrossed the Potomac, and that McClellan had engaged him in large force near Sharpsburg. The dispatch predicted that "the whole rebel army in Maryland will be annihilated or captured this night." Other dispatches from Boonsboro' up to Tuesday morning say that on Monday the rebels were driven or retired toward Sharpsburg, where our advance found them on Monday afternoon in large force, with a line of battle a mile and a half in length, posted on the hills; that the afternoon was spent in examining their position, but our force was not strong enough to make an attack; but during the night the larger part of our army came up, and at 9 o'clock (Tuesday morning) the rebels were rapidly crossing the river. This is all we had received at one o'clock this morning, save the general rumor of a great fight and a triumphant victory.

From the Herald of Wednesday.

FREDERICK, Sept. 16, 1862.

I regret to have to announce the surrender of Harper's Ferry, with all the forces and stores there, to the enemy, at 9 o'clock Monday morning. Enlisted men and some officers have been paroled and arrived here. From them I gather the following particulars:

The rebels commenced the attack on Friday noon on our forces on Maryland Heights. Skirmishing continued throughout the day and was renewed on Saturday. The enemy was driven back with considerable loss. They came up several times and were repulsed, when it was discovered they were approaching in overwhelming force. Order was given to spike the guns and throw them down the mountain. The whole force from the Heights then returned in safety, the guns from Camp Hill shelling the enemy when they attempted to pursue our retreating men. On Sunday morning a party of our men again ascended the Heights and brought away their field-pieces, which they had left unspiked. Sunday at noon the rebels appeared in great force on Loudon Heights. Miles shelled them from point to point. Some of their guns were dislodged, but they still managed to keep up a brisk fire from some of their batteries, which were run back out of sight and loaded. The cannonading was kept up all day Sunday, without doing much damage. The firing ceased at dusk Sunday evening, and was resumed again Monday morning at daylight, and kept up till 9 o'clock, when Miles ordered the white flag to be raised. There was considerable fog and smoke, and the enemy either did not see the flag or would not see it, and kept up a heavy fire for three quarters of an hour. About ten minutes after the flag was up, a shell struck Col. Miles, shattering his right leg. It was amputated before the prisoners were paroled.

There were about two thousand three hundred cavalry in the command, all of whom but about forty escaped about 5 o'clock Sunday night, and cut their way through to Greencastle with but little loss. The balance of the troops, numbering from six to eight thousand, with Gen. White's command from Martinsburg, were all surrendered.

Gen. Howe captured an aid of Gen. Stuart on Monday afternoon, who was making his way from Harper's Ferry to Boonesboro with a dispatch from Gen. Jackson to Gen. Lee, announcing the capitulation of the place. The aid supposed Lee was at Boonesboro, which was in our possession. This was the first intimation of the surrender that our Generals received. At this time Gen. Franklin was within three hours' march of the Ferry, going to the relief of the beleaguered command, whither he had been sent by Gen. McClellan as soon as he received the dispatch from Col. Miles on Monday morning that he was in danger.

From the Tribune of Thursday.

Our latest intelligence from the seat of war, though up to late last evening, is little else than mere rumor. That fighting was renewed yesterday near Sharpsburg; was continued through the day; was of a desperate character, chiefly with artillery, resulting in great slaughter on both sides, but the victory remaining on ours, the enemy having been driven backward two miles, is all that we know positively. Rumors from various sources reach us that Harper's Ferry has been retaken from the rebels; rumors both that the bridge across the Potomac has, and that it has not been destroyed; rumors that the enemy is in full retreat. But we are compelled to come to the reluctant belief that in this most desperate, perhaps decisive contest of the war, the two armies are still confronting each other, or were last night, and no conclusion had yet been reached. We must await, in anxiety and with what patience we can, the report of another day.

Various Items.

According to the Richmond *Dispatch*, the rebel army sent against Gen. Pope numbered 150,000. With all Gen. Pope's reenforcements, his army never exceeded 60,000, and yet he fought the enemy for sixteen days and nights, whipping him successively in each engagement, until the pressing need of supplies and utter exhaustion compelled him to fall back to save his little army, which was done in the face of an overwhelming force.

Maj.-Gen. McDowell has written to the President in reference to the charge of treachery said to have been made against him by a dying officer (Col. Brodhead), and asking a Court of Inquiry, not only upon this special charge, but into all his actions as a general officer.

The Secretary of War has refused his assent to a proposition of the National War Committee of New-York, that Gens. Mitchel and Fremont be each employed to raise for service a corps of 50,000 men in the State of New York.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom.*"—*Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.—A letter in the Cincinnati *Gazette*, dated Camp near Iuka, Miss., Aug. 26, says: "Yesterday afternoon's train from Tuscumbia brought in a load of contrabands from the plantations around Tuscumbia, which had been confiscated from their owners, who were in the rebel army. As you may suppose, they were a 'motley crew'; of every age, size, and complexion, of either sex. They were soon 'carrolled' by the Provost-Marshal for distribution among the officers of the garrison for servants. The larger and more effective 'darkies' were taken by the Post Quartermaster for public service. The younger boys soon found masters among the line officers. From one of these contrabands, who appeared rather intelligent, I learned that the negroes around Grenada and Tuscumbia were making active preparations for an insurrection. This wholesale confiscation will, however, thwart their plans. My informant says that on the 1st of September the negroes were to rise and kill their masters; they were then to possess themselves of all the treasures they could find, and repair to our lines, but that the principal leader in the plot having been removed on Saturday night by our authorities to Jacinto, their plot would fail. They all appear vastly pleased at the idea of being freed from the shackles of slavery, and as I heard one of them express himself yesterday, 'We'll stay wid Massa Lincoln for eber and eber.'"

NOBLE CONDUCT OF THE NEGROES IN CINCINNATI.—A letter in *The Tribune*, dated Cincinnati, Sept. 7, giving an account of the enthusiasm of the people in rallying for the city's defence, says: "While all have done well, the negroes, as a class, must bear away the palm. When martial law was declared, a few prominent colored men tendered their services in any capacity desired. As soon as it became known that they would be accepted, Mayor Hatch's police commenced arresting them everywhere, dragging them away from their houses and places of business without a moment's notice, shutting them up in negro pens, and subjecting them to the grossest abuse and indignity. Mr. Hatch is charged with secession proclivities. During the recent riots against the negroes, the *animus* of his police was entirely hostile to them, and many outrages were committed upon that helpless and unoffending class. On this occasion the same course was pursued. No opportunity was afforded the negro to volunteer, but they were treated as public enemies. They were taken over the river, ostensibly to work upon the fortifications; but were scattered, detailed as cooks for white regiments, some of them half-starved, and all so much abused that it finally caused a great outcry. When Gen. Wallace's attention was called to the matter, he requested Judge William M. Dickson, a prominent citizen, who is related by marriage to President Lincoln, to take the whole matter in charge. Judge Dickson undertook the thankless task: organized the negroes into two regiments of 300 each, made the proper provision for their comfort, and set them at work upon the trenches. They have accomplished more than any other six hundred of the whole eight thousand men upon the fortifications. Their work has been entirely voluntary. Judge Dickson informed them at the outset that all could go home who chose; that it must be entirely a labor of love with them. *Only one man* of the whole number has availed himself of the privilege; the rest have all worked cheerfully and efficiently. One of the regiments is officered by white captains, the other by negroes. The latter prove so decidedly superior that both regiments will hereafter be commanded by officers of their own race. They are not only working, but drilling; and they already go through some of the simpler military movements very creditably. Wherever they appear, they are cheered by our troops. Last night, one of the colored regiments, coming off duty for 24 hours, was halted in front of headquarters, at the Burnet House, front faced, and gave three rousing cheers for Gen. Wallace, and three more for Judge Dickson. They are not armed. Last evening a dispatch was received from Piqua, O., tendering the services of an entire negro company, fully armed and equipped for the defence of the city. Shocking as the proposition seems to nerves which can only tolerate a white man's war, it was not absolutely refused, but is held in abeyance. The probabilities are that those negroes will be wanted before the week ends."

HOW THE SOLDIERS IN NEW ORLEANS FEEL.—Rev. J. Colby, Chaplain of a Maine regiment, writing to *Zion's Herald* from New Orleans, says: "What think you has come to be the general sentiment down here in reference to the prosecution of the war against this unrighteous rebellion? Arm the negroes! arm the negroes! Let them fight, not simply black boots and dig trenches, and do some small part of the Scavenger work of the army, but fight. And so say we; why not? Is there any good reason why the slave population in the seceded States, who are capable of bearing arms, should not share in the good work of crushing at once this unholy rebellion? Have they no wrongs to redress, no grievances to settle, no accounts to balance with their traitor cut-throat masters? In Heaven's name, have they not been whipped, and scourged and robbed long enough; and have not their rebel masters forfeited all claim to the sympathy and protection of the government? Every principle of justice and of humanity says yes. I repeat, then, give them arms, and let them fight. I rejoice to see this change, have expected it, prayed for it, and welcome it most heartily; and so will you, I know you will. I don't know an officer or a private here with whom I have conversed since my return who does not most heartily endorse this policy, and long to see it adopted as the policy of the government, and I cannot here restrain the conviction that had the nation been willing to see the truth, and to accept the real issue twelve months ago, the contest now would have been over, and our sufferings mostly at an end. But God be praised, the country is at last waking up to a wiser policy, and one in my judgment which in six months of wise campaigning will be sufficient to blot out this cursed rebellion, and send the last traitor 'to his own place.' Let us, then, have no more mincing or wincing; no more of this half in earnest, tender footed and miserable slipshod policy. It has cost us already a hundred thousand lives, each of whom was worth more for freedom and humanity than all rebeldom put together. Let the government pursue whatever course will weaken the rebels, and terminate their tearful contest. Let them use anything and everything to end the strife, and give the country returning peace."

HOME GUARDS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—The Cincinnati *Commercial* prints a letter from 'a gentleman whose name would be the best assurance of the trustworthiness of his statements,' from which we give this extract: "In view of this (the danger of guerilla raids) I asked Gen. Saxton's permission to raise a company of Home Guards, and to arm and equip them in full; which I readily obtained, and also the cordial consent and help of Gen. Hunter. I have been drilling them in our old drill of the 'Mt. Auburn Rifles,' and as skirmishers; and without any disparagement to our gallant company, and as a secret in your ear, I tell you these black recruits do as well as any white ones that I ever saw. Yes, and I have a perfect belief that they will fight as resolutely and as firmly for their homes, their wives and children as any 'home guard' in Cincinnati or its vicinity. I have fifty of them in the company, and with this force I can set at defiance any guerilla boat that may land here for a night's excursion and bloody spoil. Every plantation has its nightly guard and the whole shore of the island is watched by sleepless eyes."

KIDNAPPING ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.—A colored hackdriver, who used to serve the F. F. V.s both in Richmond and Washington, and who was impressed to go to the battle-field to help bring back the wounded, confirms the statement that at least fifty of his fellow-drivers were captured the day before. He thanks for his own safety an old acquaintance, Gen. Jerry Morton, formerly a member of Congress from Warrenton, who engaged his hack to take him about Washington on his arrival.—*Wash. Cor. Tribune.*

NO SLAVE-CATCHING.—The St. Louis correspondent of *The Tribune* says: Provost-Marshal Gen. McConnell has decided that no assistance can be rendered by the military authorities to recover fugitive slaves. The substance of his decision is that the slaves of rebels are declared free by act of Congress, and that the slaves of loyal men can be recovered by civil process. This is the whole case in a nutshell, and the example is commended to some of the pro-slavery Generals in the service.

ENLISTING NEGROES.—The Springfield *Republican* of a late date expresses its wonder that Gov. Andrew does not issue orders to the recruiting officers in Massachusetts to enlist negroes, since he has ordered colored citizens to be enrolled, in common with all the other citizens, under the recent order of the War Department. We think we can solve the difficulty of the Springfield *Republican*. In issuing his instructions for the enrollment of the militia, the Governor has acted strictly in accordance with the General Order of the War Department, which directs the enrollment of all citizens between 18 and 45, without distinction of color. But the United States government has not authorized the enlistment of negroes, nor has the Governor the power to command the United States mustering officers to muster colored soldiers into the United States service, if thousands were enlisted. If a draft shall become necessary in Massachusetts, the colored citizens will be liable with the rest; and if any are drafted, the burden of solving the vexed question of their acceptance or rejection will rest wholly upon the government at Washington.—*Boston Journal.*

SEEKING FREEDOM FOR WIVES AND BABIES.—*Waterside Hospital, Va., Sept.* 8.—The other day three contrabands came on shore, bringing a valuable boat. They were set to work, and finding themselves decently treated, they regretted that they had not brought their wives. The next morning the Quartermaster called and said: "Well, those three boys have gone off with our boat." "With *their* boat," I answered. So there was rejoicing on one side, and regret on the other. The third day after what should appear but the boat and the men with their wives and babies. And now the men are at work with the spade, and the women in the laundry. There is a growing faith in these people. I think the time is, even now, when liberty should be proclaimed to every man, woman and child in the United States. Hasten the day, and the end will be peace.—*Cor. Eve. Post.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, with its issue for Sept. 27 (Weekly No.—596), completes its Seventy-fourth Volume. This is a point of longevity in an American periodical which affords no mean evidence of vitality and usefulness. And we doubt if the files of any other literary publication in this country contain anything like so much that is of real permanent value as will be found in these seventy-four volumes. The cream of the English Reviews for nearly twenty years—the best fiction of the same period—the most interesting and valuable essays, biographical, historical and scientific —and the choicest poetry of the age, are therein set forth. The work is indeed a library of itself, not in bulk alone, but in the variety of its contents. On its pages are recorded the best thoughts of the best writers, and there is hardly a question of philosophy, science or history on which it does not shed the strongest light of the passing age. Boston: Littell, Son & Co.

"WE ARE COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM."—The song written by Mr. James S. Gibbons, of which the words we have quoted are the first line, has been set to music by Prof. A. Cull, and published by Horace Waters, 481 Broadway. Mr. Waters has also published a new and enlarged edition of "The Patriotic Song Book"—a work of great convenience at the present time, containing as it does nearly all the patriotic poetry and music in popular request.

REPRINTED IN ENGLAND.—The London *Anti-Slavery Reporter* informs us that Mr. Josiah Forster, of Tottenham, has issued, in a pamphlet form, for gratuitous circulation, the report of Mr. J. M. McKim, copied from the Philadelphia *North American and United States' Gazette*, on "The Freed Men of South Carolina."

Summary.

A LADY ON THE PLATFORM.—A lady in Milan, Dutchess County, N. Y., went upon the stand at a war meeting in that town, a few days since, and delivered an address. Sixteen young men enlisted.

CARLYLE ON NON-INTERVENTION.—Thomas Carlyle lately made the following characteristic utterance with reference to the American war: "It is," said he, "the dirtiest chimney that's been afire this century, and the best way is *to let it burn itself out.*"

THE MASSACRES IN MINNESOTA.—It is stated by persons recently from Minnesota that from 600 to 800 men, women, and children have been massacred by the Sioux in Minnesota, and that at least one-third the area of the State has been deserted by its terror-stricken population.

THE PRESIDENT'S LIFE ENDANGERED.—On Friday a strange horse, which Mr. Lincoln was riding, became frightened and ran away with his rider, becoming unmanageable; but he was soon curbed and brought to the road again, the President losing his hat in the race and slightly spraining his wrist.

CERTIFICATE OF AN "EXEMPT."—Doctor G. H. Burrell, of North Hyde Park, Vermont, gives the following certificate to one G. C. Lowther:

"August, the 19 1862

"this may Surtify that I george H Burrell of North Hide park as a Fisian do surtify that gardner C Lother is not Liable to do Military duty having a pain in the Left Side and the Liver Bing a fected and a Kidney efected and one hand efected G H BURRELL"

ESCAPE OF APPLETON OAKSMITH.—Appleton Oaksmith, lately convicted for fitting out a slaver, has made his escape from the Boston jail, and, it is supposed, is on his way to some West India port. There are suspicions of bribery in the case. A reward of $300 has been offered for his capture.

CONFISCATION IN MISSOURI.—In compliance with orders from the Secretary of War, General Schofield has ordered the Provost-Marshal-General for the district of Missouri to proceed without delay to carry into effect the Confiscation Act, so far as the provisions of said Act are subject to be carried into effect by the military authorities of the United States in the district. The property liable to confiscation in the district is estimated at fifty million.

The Bellefonte *Watchman* (Pa.), whose editor was recently arrested for discouraging enlistments, says a number of hogs were recently poisoned near that city by eating a copy of *The Tribune*. This accounts, we presume, for the strong aversion to our journal habitually evinced by everything swinish and bestial. Animal instincts are remarkably strong. We have known hogs whose bristles were covered by broadcloth fairly foam at a sight of *The Tribune.* —*Tribune.*

THE CONTRABANDS.—The demand for labor in this city is so great, under the expansion of business of all sorts growing out of the military influx, that 'contrabands," although spoken of as numerous, are really very scarce, as anybody may verify by trying to hire them. Recent additions to our colored population are

Miscellaneous Department.

THE WORD FOR THE HOUR.

BY CAROLINE A. MASON.

BETWEEN the living and the dead*
Great Moses stood, and thus he said:
"Haste, make atonement; incense bring;
Make to the Lord an offering.
Bring fire from His own altar-flame,
To pierce the heaven from whence it came,
If haply His fierce wrath shall cease
And this great People go in peace."

Oh, fiercer plague than then befell
The wasted tribes of Israel,
Is raging now in this our land,
With none to help on either hand.
Oh, where is he—our Moses—where?
The man of faith and zeal and prayer,
To stand, the Leader and the Head,
Between our living and our dead?

O Lincoln, in thy chair of state!
The truly good are truly great.
Men name thee honest, prudent, wise,
And so, with ever-longing eyes,
We look to thee;—our Leader be!
Speak but one master-word—"Be free!"
Than incense, more divine that word,
And owned more truly of the Lord!

One word—the noblest ever-spoke—
But one—and the dark charm is broke.
Whose lip shall utter it—his name,
All earth shall shout it with acclaim.
From East to West, from South to North,
One grateful anthem shall go forth:
While Heaven shall add its sweet "well done!"
And sing God's reign on earth begun.

Fitchburg, Mass.

*Numbers xvi. 48.

SLAVERY OR THE NATION MUST DIE.

[Part of an article in *The Christian Examiner* for September, entitled "Our War Policy, and How it Deals with Slavery."]

IT is as a relief to the fearful looking forward to despotism, anarchy and perpetual war, that our government is now called to acccept distinctly the policy of universal emancipation. By what particular measures it is to be carried out, we do not affect to prescribe. The necessary thing to see is, that the power of the United States is to be enlisted, openly and without disguise, on the side of liberty—is to consent hereafter to no terms which look to a continuance of that system which has attempted, and has so nearly effected, its destruction. The bold initial step in this policy has been already taken by Congress, in declaring the absolute liberation of the slaves of all masters implicated in rebellion. To retreat from this position would be a pitiful weakness, of which we cannot for a moment suppose our nation will be guilty. To carry it thoroughly into effect will be to sweep the system of slavery utterly away, excepting such feeble remnants of it as will easily be dealt with by the forces at our command. As to the seceded States, they have renounced all constitutional defences and guaranties. Should the war continue another half year, and the Border States still not act upon the President's proposition of compensated emancipation, we apprehend that the country will be quite prepared to cut this Gordian knot by decreeing that measure in those States—of course, with compensation of loyal owners. Some way *must* be found of extrication from this terrible coil. That way would be revolutionary, no doubt; but a struggle so obstinate involves a revolution—which, on the whole, could not come in any other form so mild as that. *Salus populi, suprema lex.* Already it is the test of loyalty in Missouri and Maryland not to shrink before that issue, or be terrified at the name of Abolition. A large and courageous statesmanship, such as the time demands, will not hesitate to go beyond the precedents laid down for other times than these, and assert that right of "eminent domain" by which the privilege of a section is made to yield before the honor, the destiny and the imperious claim of the sovereign republic. As the last authentic declaration of the government, we copy these sentences from the President's letter to Horace Greeley, of Aug. 22:

"My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.

"What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it will help to save this Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

"I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free."

It has been our earnest wish that any measure purely revolutionary may be dispensed with; that national law may keep within the safe boundaries of constitutional right; that the country may come out from this awful struggle, if it might be so, with all its local privileges and State rights uninvaded—the stars on its banner undimmed as well as undiminished. We trust that the magnificent exhibition of national power which has now been made—a million of men actually in the field, with a million of reserve at home—may do its work so soon and thoroughly as to spare us the lingering and accumulating terrors of a revolution such as many have feared may be in store for us. We have given our reasons before for believing that victory in this war, even on the simple and plain issue accepted by our government, is the death-blow to slavery as a political power, and eventually as a social system. Success in the campaign we are actually embarked in is our first duty. The result of that, we could be well content to trust. If we had any doubt before, the explicit policy announced by Congress and accepted by the Executive—virtually, a very sweeping policy of emancipation—would set it at rest. The triumph of the national arms cannot be had without the complete defeat and overthrow of the power by which we are now challenged and defied. Merchants, statesmen, soldiers, now echo the conviction which a few months ago was held, in general, by more daring thinkers only, or else by the large mass, of simpler republican instincts, that *slavery must fall, or else this nation will die.* We do not hope to add anything to the force of this conviction, as it fast overcomes that habit or prejudice of the public mind by which it has been kept back so long. We shall have done something if we have succeeded in showing that the war has opened new questions, graver and deeper, as it went on; that the way is already prepared, by the changes adopted in our public policy, for meeting these new issues frankly and courageously, as they should be met; and that our nation is so far committed to the principles involved in the struggle, that neither its dignity, its safety, nor its peace can be secured, except by the destruction of that system which is now its open and deadly foe.

We say this, not only as citizens of this republic, but also as Christians, citizens of the "City of God." We do not think it is for passion, or victory, or dominion, that this war was undertaken; or that the great majority of those who sustain it understand it so. It is to restore the authority of law; to maintain the sanctity of an oath; to vindicate the principles which lie at the base of all good government. The struggles we must encounter, the burdens we must undergo, the sacrifices we must make—we accept them as the price we pay for the honor and privilege of living in a free State, as the duty we owe to civilization, to humanity, and to eternal truth. When Christ spoke of the kingdom of God upon earth, we do not believe he meant merely the sentiment of faith, hope and love in the breasts of men. That he meant, indeed. But he also meant a condition of human society founded in right and justice. He meant peace, freedom, and mutual respect in the relations of men together. He meant the advance of the political and social state of men towards the realizing of the Divine law—on earth peace, and goodwill toward men. We believe these things are on our side, and not on the side of those who have chosen to call themselves our enemies. Not of them, either, would we speak vindictively, or scornfully. Contemptuously we cannot, with the memory fresh to us of so many a bloody field. We have no doubt that many of them are as fervidly, as passionately sincere in their conviction, as we are confidently in ours. We have felt very deeply—for we have lived long enough near them and among them—the terror and the dread of the problems the future was sure to force upon them; and very anxiously we have sought to do them fair justice in any discussion or argument about them; to allow for the difficulties that beset the terrible question; to admit the force of the reasons that seem to have satisfied their conscience and judgment that they were right. But, as between them and us, we have no misgiving, and never a doubt. We believe that the laws by which the progress of human society is controlled are established and maintained by Almighty God. By the test of human history, of political economy, of Christian morals—by each, as interpreted by the best representative minds of our own day—the system of society which they maintain is condemned. They have chosen to stake the verdict on the arbitrament of the sword. Earnestly we have hoped, and reasoned, and prayed that this controversy might not issue in blood. Earnestly we have trusted that the arm of constitutional law might be so powerful, that peace might come, and victory, without a sudden convulsive revolution; that slavery might pass away—as pass away it must—by the steady and mild process of organic social growth. But that is all beyond us now. A nearer, sterner duty is forced on us than dreams or theories of what society should be. It is, to defend, by arms and blood, what has been found good in society as it is, and restore, if we may, on this wide continent, the dominion of liberty and law. And our strength is in Him who is able both to deliver us from the power of the adversary that would destroy our soul, and to foil the counsels of the traitor who plots the ruin of the State.

SILVER LINING TO THE CLOUD.

From The Christian Inquirer.

IF we saw ourselves as we are as a people, we should see that we have not yet earned success, and do not deserve it. God is a punctual paymaster. The laborer is worthy of his hire; but the driveller, the waverer is not worthy of his hire. We cannot have success, for we have not paid for success. It is a costly article, and it is bought at a high sum; but money, men, the heaviest battalions cannot buy success.

The price is a principle. We want, sadly want, as God knows, Generals; but we want, still more, principles. We want a policy—we do not wish to drift without pilot or captain; but we want, even more than a policy—a principle, a sentiment. We have the flag, but that is an emblem, not a principle. We have the Union, but that is an expediency—a very fine and a very necessary thing, but not a principle. We are drifting. There is a painful feeling that we are going we do not know where, and that nobody knows where we are going. Give a watchword, a great sentiment, a kindling idea, an organic and organizing principle, and like the fiat, "Let there be light!" it would change chaos into order and beauty. That sublime cry of the nation's heart, dumb but irrepressible, and one day to be irresistible, is FREEDOM.

We are being sorely tried, but we need it all. God be thanked for the stripes! His strange work, punishment, is all love, solid love. It is an evidence that God has mercy upon us, because He is still disciplining us. He loves us too well to give us over as an incorrigible case. He knows that what is best for us, hard and bitter as the dispensation is to bear, is defeat, retreat, loss, death, pain, bereavement, hope deferred, danger, the boastful threats of the enemy, the alienation of fair-weather friends, and the solitary rectitude that can rest upon a principle, though a world be in arms against us.

This shall be our joy in sorrow, our victory in reverse, our hope in despair. We are the representative nation for the progress and freedom of mankind, no matter how unfaithfully we may have hitherto carried out the idea. We are the world's color-bearers, as it marches on in humanity, civilization and Christianity. The significance of America is not that we raise cotton to clothe, and corn to feed many millions beside our own population, but it is that here is an asylum for a struggling, hoping, but thus far baffled mankind—a state in which humanity is recognized as greater than its accidents.

It is interesting to see that the spirit of boasting and arrogance is in a hopeful prospect of being flailed out of us. Never were harder pummellings needed, and never were harder pummellings received. If folly and nonsense are not whipped out of us, it will not be because we are not often chastised. The blows have fallen thick and fast, but they are all wholesome and recuperative.

We are paid, too, in kind. That is another indication of the bitter-sweet of our humiliation. Precisely where we have sinned, there we are visited. Our pleasant vices turn out to be our whips and scourges. Slavery was our national offence, and by slavery we are brought to grief. Politics have been our bane, and the stumbling-block of the war is still the same. We cannot get it through our thick heads that it is not a presidential campaign. But it is not; it is a war, and the solution is to put it on a war footing. Money is our God, and the contracts tell their own tale of retribution.

We often hear men now speaking of a providence in this war, and feeling assured that our hope of salvation is not in vain, and that our American Israel is not yet doomed, but that she is to come out of the fiery furnace brighter and nobler than ever. There was more of an external and emotional revival of religion in '59 that in '62; but in the gain in the sterling principles of love of humanity, love of freedom, comprehension of a true Christian commonwealth, this is the year of revival and jubilee. For that is a true revival of pure and undefiled religion, which confirms great truths and keystone principles of right, justice and humanity. No nation ever yet failed that put itself right with the Divine government in this respect, and marched parallel to the eternal laws. Success is then narrowed down to a question of time, and every day and hour brings us nearer to its triumphs.

It is the high necessity of this war, that we suffer it not to demoralize us. Delay must not madden, defeat must not awaken revenge, the arms so suddenly seized must be as easily laid down. We must not fail of so conducting the war, that, at the earliest possible date, the farmer may resume his plough, the shoemaker his bench, and the merchant his traffic. Standing armies would be moths, perpetually fretting the fabric of our liberties. The people take the matter in hand. They are anxious to cut red tape. They have testified on a score of battle-fields their allegiance to the eternal principles that underlie their Union, Constitution and laws. Their problem now is to come out of this war, it may be mangled and cut up, but with hearts strung more energetically to the great crisis, and souls all on fire with the principles we hail as the birthright of Christian men. Jesus drove out the money-changers from the courts of the temple, and He used pretty energetic measures in so doing. We would sweep from the temple of liberty those that buy and sell her children and her principles; and we must use the expelling force, as Christ did, be it the rod and the scourge. This must be our way of making war on Christian principles.

More than all, we must not allow the recent disaster to betray us into any despair or foolishness. The nation is sound, but the leadership is capable of being improved, to say the least. We hold to the grand maxim of the West, "Never say die." We are not going to die; God helping, we are going to live. Let us gird up our loins, and march to victory.

MARRIAGE OF AN EX-SLAVE IN ENGLAND.

INTERESTING CEREMONY AT BRIGHTON—THE BRIDE A NATIVE AFRICAN.

WE find the following story in the Brighton (England) *Gazette:*

This morning a marriage is to be performed at the parish church, Brighton, to unite two persons of color, whose previous history gives to the ceremony a peculiar interest, chiefly to those who have been long and deeply interested in the African race, and who have watched the progress of civilization caused by the influence of Christianity on the negro; and the ceremony will also tell our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic that British ladies and gentlemen consider it a pleasure and a privilege to do honor to those of the African race who have proved themselves capable of appreciating the advantages of a liberal education.

The lady, supposed to be an African chieftain's daughter, was presented, when about the age of five years, to the late Capt. Frederick Forbes, R.N., who officially visited the King of Dahomey with a view to aid the suppression of the slave trade in the interior of Africa, and in his book giving an account of the mission he thus describes the little girl: "I have only to add a few particulars about my extraordinary present, the African child. In a former portion of these journals, I have mentioned the Okeadon war; one of the captives of this dreadful slave-hunt was this interesting girl. It is usual to reserve the best born for the high behests of royalty, and the immolations on the tombs of the deceased nobility. For one of these ends she had been detained at court for two years, proving, by her not having been sold to the slave-dealers, that she was of a good family. So extraordinary a present would have been at least a burden, had I not the conviction that, in consideration of the nature of the service I had performed, the government would consider her as the property of the Crown. To refuse would have been to have signed her death-warrant, which, probably, would have been carried into execution forthwith. Immediately on arriving, I applied through the Secretary of the Admiralty, and received for answer that her Majesty was graciously pleased to arrange for the education and subsequent fate of the child.

"Of her own history she has only a confused idea. Her parents were decapitated; her brothers and sisters, she knows not what their fate might have been. For her age, supposed to be eight years, she is a perfect genius; she now speaks English well, and has a great talent for music. She has won the affections, with but few exceptions, of all who have known her, by her docile and amiable conduct, which nothing can exceed. She is far in advance of any white child of her age in aptness of learning, and strength of mind and affection; and with her, being an excellent specimen of the negro race, might be tested the capability of the intellect of the black."

Her Majesty has provided the means for completing the education of Miss Sarah Forbes Bonetta, whose knowledge and accomplishments make her an ornament for any society, and prove most satisfactorily that the African mind is capable of the highest intellectual attainments. Her Majesty has taken a great interest in her marriage, and given it her ful sanction. At the same time she has, besides presents from the royal family, herself provided the whole of the outfit, etc. Mr. James Davis, the bridegroom, was originally a slave, taken by one of our cruisers and educated in the schools of the Church Missionary Society at Sierra Leone. He afterwards commenced trading on his own account, and is now a prosperous and influential merchant at Lagos, employing upwards of one hundred of his fellow-countrymen, and trying to improve their moral and intellectual status. The ceremony is to be performed by the Bishop of Sierra Leone and the Rev. H. Venn; and Mrs. Thompson has lent the garden at Westhill Lodge for the wedding breakfast. We understand there will be a large wedding party, including about twenty Africans. The bride will be attended by sixteen bridesmaids, of whom four will be ladies of color.

SONG FOR OUR SOLDIERS.

BY ALICE CARY.

O FOR the Union, boys!
Ho! for the Union, boys,
Go for the Union, boys,
Heart, hand and gun.
Shoulder to shoulder, boys,
Younger and older, boys,
Bolder and bolder, boys,
Every mother's son!

Where you find the white men,
Union-hating white men,
Ribald rabble white men,
Let your cannon play.
Where you find the black men,
Union-loving black men,
True and loyal black men,
Let 'em run away!
Break off their chains, boys!
Strike off their chains, boys!
Knock off their chains, boys!
And let 'em run away.

O for the Union, boys!
Ho! for the Union, boys,
Go for the Union, boys,
Heart, hand and sword.
Shoulder to shoulder, boys,
Bolder and bolder, boys,
Younger and older, boys,
Trusting in the Lord.

Where you find the white men,
Union-hating white men,
Ribald rabble white men,
Let your cannon play!
Where you find the black men,
Union-loving black men,
True and loyal black men,
Let 'em run away.
Break off their chains, boys!
Strike off their chains, boys!
Knock off their chains, boys,
And let 'em run away!

—*Evening Post.*

FRENCH OPINIONS ON THE AMERICAN WAR.

From The Evening Post.

THE following letter from an eminent gentleman in France contains some significant suggestions, and will be read with interest as indicating the sincere regret with which our past management of the war is regarded by our truest friends on the Continent. It may enable us also to anticipate the scorn with which Europe will learn that, after our confident boast that the rebellion was on the verge of extinction, we are engaged no longer in conquering the South, but in defending our Capital from seizure and our homes from invasion.

The suicidal policy that for eighteen months has sought to conduct the war upon principles of conciliation, and especially to preserve to the rebels the vast strength afforded them by their three million slaves, has been as perfectly appreciated in Europe as it will presently be by our own people, when they recognize in the invasion of Maryland, Pennsylvania and Ohio the legitimate development and results of that policy, preparing, perhaps, the way for the foreign intervention which a large class in France are demanding from the Emperor.

Whether the American people awaken sooner or later to the realities of their position and the intense absurdity of their course in the conduct of this war, the fact is already clear to disinterested observers, that the Northern presses and politicians which, with a pretence of loyalty to the Union, have encouraged this fatal policy of protecting the interests and strength of the rebels, are playing the most prominent part in the plot for the overthrow of the American republic, and accomplishing more towards its downfall than all the sympathizers with rebellion in England, France, or the whole of Europe.

TRANSLATION.

"In proportion to our sympathy with your cause are we of the liberal party in France unanimous in blaming the Federal way of acting and making war.

"In our opinion, each brigade in the enemy's country ought to have several companies of mounted guides, and sharpshooters on foot, wholly composed, with the exception of their officers, of the men who have been formerly slaves. In our wars of Brittany and La Vendée we had such companies, composed entirely of the patriots of those provinces. They were of the greatest service to us. Gen. Lamarque, addressing in my presence one of the officers, whom we called *Chasseurs Vendéens*, could not say enough of their utility and efficiency.

"Is it enough to give the slaves their liberty? Though conquered, will the South be made thereby submissive? No! *property* is the guaranty of liberty. Your government possesses lands, and it confiscates those of the enemy. You must make the blacks landholders; you must portion out the soil among those of them who serve your cause, and give it as a reward to the poorer soldiers of the Federal army. Thus you will create in the midst of a slave-holding country anti-slavery interests; in the midst of a population enraged against the North, you will create a people with passions on the side of the North.

"A friend of Mr. Slidell, the Southern envoy in Paris, has lately been very active at Nantes on behalf of the Confederates. He is said to be a very able man. Such a presence, in a place devoted to great maritime constructions and the fitting out of iron-plated vessels, ought to convey a meaning to your countrymen. I find it more significant than I dare to tell you by this opportunity and in this letter. We are unanimous—my friends and myself—in warning your country *not to confide in the governments of Europe.* Everywhere, a powerful party, influential at court, is preaching up a war against you. Have plenty of iron-clad vessels. Have abundance of regiments of freed slaves; and Napoleon III. will never yield to his courtiers the war they demand.

"But make haste—make haste! And then, why do you load four vessels with those enormous guns, fitter to kill your own gunners than to pierce the cuirasses of the enemy's vessels? We in France think that medium-sized cannon with balls *emporte pièce* (that is to say, of cylindrical form), are best.

"Two of our friends, Gen. Cluseret, Colonel under Garibaldi, and formerly an officer of the Chasseurs, and captain of the Zouaves, and M. Ulrich de Fouvielle (also an old Garibaldian), his aid-de-camp, are in the army that Fremont commanded. I send you herewith a long letter published by the latter. It confirms the opinion I expressed to you at the opening of this letter.

"*Le Phare de la Loire* (the newspaper containing this letter) having obtained much influence in France, I recommend to you to send me for it whatever may interest public opinion in favor of your holy cause. It is published by the Messieurs Mangin. But you of the North are all the time exposed to public indignation, in consequence of the blood uselessly shed—the many treasons and demi-treasons in your armies, the weakness and condescension exhibited among your higher officials towards the South.

"Take Richmond: it is well. But oppose in a Southern campaign 100,000 freedmen to your adversaries, and you would thus compel all the proprietors to desert the army and rejoin their families. You are brave, generous, civilized—but you do not know how to make war, and civil war least of all. Being at table at Vannes, in 1848, with legitimists, who were talking before me, their Prefect, as Commissary of the Republic, of carrying on a civil war, I cut them short by a simple word: 'Messieurs, you would be ready to risk your lives, but not to sacrifice your property. As soon as I see a commune in revolt, I shall hasten thither, and, parceling out the finest of your estates, I shall sell a few of the best fields to pay the expense of moving my troops. Not one of you would shrink from death, but you would all recoil from the mutilation of your properties.' Not one of them contradicted me.

"What was true of our legitimists of the west of France is no less so of your slaveholding gentlemen of the South. Threaten them with colonies of freedmen in the midst of their plantations, and they will fear it more than death or complete confiscation. And then fail not, as you have already had it proposed to you, to reduce to territories the revolted States. Have you the right any longer to tolerate, without punishing them, such atrocities as the engineer Howzean witnessed in Texas? They have been published in many European journals. As for ourselves, *we* prefer the slave who saves you a regiment, to the *aristocrats* of your armies, who suffer so many men to be killed in marching and counter-marching by the South in ambush.

"Under Louis Philippe we had a negro officer of artillery, who was correspondent of the Institute at Bourbon; and when we were routed at Madagascar it was a negro company that saved the retreat from complete massacre.

"If my opinion went for anything among your people, I should counsel you to confide to Messieurs Cluseret and Fouvielle, with a hundred devoted Abolitionists, the creation in Virginia of the companies of *guides* and *tirailleurs* I mentioned at first. That might be done while carrying on the war.

"It is at the South, above all places, that it is necessary to act in this way with the utmost speed.

"It is indispensable that you should have these (especially in Texas and on the banks of the Mississippi) guerillas of black freedmen, who could dispute the soil foot by foot, while fighting *pro aris et focis*, though to-day they possess not even the ownership of their own poor bodies.

"Forgive me for this fault-finding letter; but I am a man above all things else, and everywhere that men wrestle for the holy cause, I find my brethren and my political *co-religionaires.*

"Act, then—act! Lose no time! Sound the tocsin of alarm, and be ready for all things. Thus you will crush the germ of the dangers which threaten you from Europe more seriously than you think.

"Postponing to another time what I had further to say, believe me, with the deepest and most respectful friendship, your humble servant, ——.

"France, Aug. 13, 1862."

DR. BAIKIE AND THE INTELLECT OF NEGROES.

BIDA NUPE, CENTRAL AFRICA, Jan. 14, 1862.

To the Editor of The (London) Daily News.

SIR: Having been cut off from all communication with the outer world for nearly two years, I only lately received *The Daily News* and other periodicals for the latter months of 1859 and for 1860; and this must account for the late appearance of the present letter. In an account of an American meeting, where the subject of slavery was introduced, one of the speakers asserted, as an argument in its favor, that the intellect of Africans is inferior to that of white races. The name "African" is of wide application, and includes many races, but as regards one among them to which this term is frequently confined—viz., the negro—having now lived among them for nearly five years, and had constant daily opportunities of observation, I have no hesitation in contradicting the statement. The intellect of the negro races is uncultivated and untried to any extent, but I feel certain that when duly developed it will be found in no respect inferior. It certainly has its peculiarities, as that of every race has, as may be seen on comparing a Russian with a Dane, a German with a Spaniard, or, in our own islands, on contemplating the reflecting progressive Anglo-Saxon with the impulsive, unthinking Celt.

Could the American speaker see the king of the country from which I am now writing, I believe he would change his opinion. Could he see the amount of business he daily gets through, the manner in which he rules his kingdom, how he manages the various races of his subjects, his ideas of justice, his acquaintance with every detail, he would be compelled to acknowledge that at least one African was a man of intellect. I have mentioned him, as being near to me he first occurred to my recollection; but I could, were it necessary, adduce many other instances. Among my followers I have representatives of some seven or eight distinct tribes, and I have found no difficulty in teaching them any trade or art, and I have now among them many whom I can implicitly trust. About nine months ago, I rescued a little girl about eight or nine years old from some slave-dealers; she belonged to a very rude tribe, and when I first received her she was rather wild-looking and savage. Since that time she has, by merely a little care being paid to her, quite altered her habits and appearance, and is quite reconciled to our semi-civilized life. She has acquired one rather difficult language, the Nupe, and is now fast progressing with another, the Hausa—and this, remember, is the progress of a mere child, of unpromising antecedents, in nine months.

In another of your numbers, a correspondent, writing on the subject of the West Indies, asserts, on the authority of Barth, Richardson, and Livingstone, that the African races are incapable of steady, continuous labor. I do not so read Dr. Barth's account, while Dr. Livingstone's remarks apply to tribes of the Kaffre, and not of the negro race. My own observations, made during lengthened residences, often of several months, in various places, lead me to an opposite result. Wherever I have been, I have found the bulk of the population steadily pursuing their occupations from day to day and from week to week, whether as traders, agricultural laborers, hunters or fishermen; and as far as I can learn, they go on so for years, if not interrupted by sickness or war. Of course, their labor is not that of an English or Scotch workman; the climate is different and more exhausting, nor do either the culture or the means of living require such exertion. Here in Nupe the farm laborer proceeds to his daily work at daylight, and never returns till after noon, possibly not till after 4 p.m. The Yomba race is noted above all for love of money, and Yombans daily follow the pursuit of gain and the hoarding up of wealth as eagerly and as keenly and unceasingly as Jews are held to do among us. I have among my followers men whose daily work would not be found fault with in England, especially those from Gbari, a country east from Nupe.

The education and improvement of negro races is worthy of all attention. The only place where it has been tried on a large scale is at Sierra Leone, and there, though the scholars make great progress in any prescribed line of study, yet, from some fundamental error in their moral training, the younger generation is not turning out as it should do. From my own experience in any business I might have to carry on in Central Africa, I would infinitely prefer taking my assistants from the countries of my sojourn, and teaching them myself, to employing young men from Sierra Leone. I make this statement from sad experience, and other Europeans who have been along with me will bear me out. The older missionaries also are quite aware that the younger race in Sierra Leone is not what its fathers were, and not what might be expected from the pains bestowed on it. Still this is a state of matters which will admit of a remedy. In some negroes, self-esteem is strongly developed, and strict means must be adopted for keeping it under.

In conclusion, allow me to express my conviction that any real advance in Central Africa must be attempted, not by emigration of bodies of men from the United States or the West Indies, for negroes who have been brought up in these countries are essentially foreigners, and are less able to adapt themselves to the customs of the land of their forefathers than Englishmen are. It must be effected rather by the more individual exertions of white traders, and others personally interested in the country, and by the labors of practical missionaries, such as many whom I could name, as distinguished from the mere doctrinal and preaching missionary. With such an essentially trading race as the negro is, legitimate commerce is the true remedy for this destructive slave trade, and it is, I firmly believe, the precursor and pioneer of civilization and of Christianity. I am, sir, etc., WM. BALFOUR BAIKIE.

CAPACITY OF BLACKS.

WHETHER or not the African is endowed with natural powers equal to those of the Caucasian, he is evidently capable of a high degree of improvement. History informs us that the ancient Britons were exceedingly degraded before Christianity was introduced among them. Cicero, in a letter to a friend, alludes to a ship-load of them that had just arrived at the mouth of the Tiber to be sold as slaves, and advised him not to purchase any of them, for the reason that they were even too inferior to make slaves of. Who can tell what the Africans would have become in this and other countries, had they had our advantages? Who can tell what they may yet become?

I here give a few of the many instances in which blacks have shown a great capacity for improvement, which should encourage all the friends of human progress in this country to labor for the education of that large class of our fellow-beings. Hannibal, an African (not, of course, the Carthaginian General), rose to the rank of Lieutenant-General, under Peter the Great, of Russia. His son, a mulatto, was also a Lieutenant-General in the Russian corps of artillery; Francis Williams, a black in Jamaica, was educated in the University of Cambridge. After his return to Jamaica, he taught Latin and mathematics. Anthony Williams Amo, born in Guinea, took the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the University of Wittenberg, and distinguished himself in metaphysics; he was also skilled in the learned languages. Job Ben Solomon, son of the Mohammedan king of Banda, was taken in 1730, and sold in Maryland. He found his way to England, and became acquainted with Sir Hanse Sloane, for whom he translated Arabic manuscripts.

James Eliza John Capitien, an African, was carried as a slave to Holland, where he acquired several learned languages, and took degrees in theology at the University of Leyden. He was sent out as a missionary to Guinea. Ignatius Sancho, who died in 1780, distinguished himself as a writer in England. Thomas Fuller, an African, although unable to read or write, performed difficult arithmetical calculations with amazing facility. Balinda, after being a slave for years in Massachusetts, addressed, in 1782 an eloquent petition to the Legislature, for the freedom of herself and daughter. The petition has been preserved in one of the volumes of the American Museum. Othello, published in 1784 at Baltimore, an eloquent essay against the slavery of Africans. Cæsar, a black of North Carolina, wrote severa pieces of poetry of a high order.

In view of these facts, no one can reasonably doubt that a large portion of the blacks of the South, as well as of the North, are capable, not only of working, but of being trained so as to render valuable service as soldiers. Gen. Jackson found black soldiers so brave and efficient at the battle of New Orleans, that he bestowed upon them a high public expression of praise. One of the greatest military heroes that ever appeared in connection with the history of this continent, was Toussaint, a negro, who, in Hayti, led his army of blacks to victory in field fights and regular sieges against the veteran soldiers of France. How evident is it that Gen. Hunter knows what he is about.—*Providence Journal.*

A POET'S PEN.

[One of our country's most venerable and venerated poets, having been presented by Mr. A. Morton with a Gold Pen of his manufacture, returned his acknowledgments therefor in the following verses:]

MORTON, I am much beholden
For this pen, so purely golden;
Pen, that feasts a critic's eye so;
Pen, that when you use it, flies so;
Pen, whose nib, so lithe and taper,
Value gives to any paper,
When you write a graceful sonnet,
Or a note of hand upon it,—
(Please observe Sir, I say "*you* write;"
Notes of hand I never *do* write;
Tho' I've done such things of yore,
I'm resolved to "sin no more,")—
Pen, I say, so purely golden,
For the which I'm much beholden
To the eye, in *dust* that found it;
To the mill, from quartz that ground it;
To the spade, from earth that dug it;
To the hand that clutched the nugget
That had lain for countless ages,
As neglected as the pages,
That, when I am Muse-smitten,
With this pen may yet be written,—
Pen (once more!) so purely golden,
For the which I'm much beholden
To the "captain bold," that went to
Bring the "tin" from Sacramento;
To the furnace where 'twas smelted,
To the coal wherewith 'twas melted;—
Is it not, from this, deducible,
That "I am debtor" to the crucible,
That the liquid, when red hot,
Kept from going "all to pot"?
That cup—fire-clay and plumbago—
Would not let the "drops" astray go,
But, the current, o'er its lip,
Made into the matrice slip;
Where relieved from torturing flame,
A "cool" ingot it became.—
To the huge and heavy hammers,
Wielded by the lusty lammers,
Who, with blows as sure as Fate's,
Beat that ingot into plates?
To the rollers, turned so true,
Into sheets those plates that drew?
To the presses, and the dies,
That, to just the proper size,
Cut those sheets, to form the pen?
To the cunning "chiel" who then
Fused the iridosmin point
To the gold, with such a joint
That no wear and tear shall ever
The two precious metals sever?
To that miracle of cunning,
The thin wheel that, swiftly running,
Splits that point and metal sheet,
And then brings the parts to meet
Like a well matched groom and bride,
That shall aye, as one, abide;
And, as one, shall work together,
Whatsoe'er the wind or weather,
Neither larger, neither smaller,
Neither shorter, neither taller,
Neither slower, neither quicker,
Neither thinner, neither thicker,
Neither limberer than the other,
Neither stiffer than its brother;
Neither twisted out of shape, or,
Piercing through the thinnest paper;
Both, as wills the wise designer,
Making a full stroke, or finer;
And, as pens are bound, in duty,
Leaving lines of grace and beauty.

For this pen, so good, so golden,
To all these am I beholden!
But—my eulogy to shorten—
Still more do I owe to MORTON;—
Morton, untranscended planner
Of improvements, in the manner
Of producing GOLDEN PENS,
That surpass all other men's—
Is there—can there be—a greater
Judge of pens—or fabricator?
Who, by me unasked, unknown,
Moved by mercy all his own,
Thinking what I must have paid
For gold pens, by bunglers made,
Guessing what would fit my hand,
This selected for me, and,
With a billet, brief, but pleasant,
Sent it to me—*as a present!*

Washington, D. C., June 20, 1862. J. P.

LEADERS AS WELL AS A POLICY.

ALL agree that what we need is a wise and settled policy, resting on a ripe public opinion. We may hope that despair of success, on its present plan, will incline the government to another. In that case, we ought to understand ourselves in time.

Underrating our enemies, and using one hand instead of both, have been our errors hitherto. Let us run no risk of repeating either mistake. Radical men ask of the President an emancipation policy—a proclamation declaring all slaves free men. Of what use would such a proclamation be, if Halleck and McClellan in the field, and Blair and Seward in the Cabinet, are left to execute it? It would not be worth the paper it wasted. We have plenty of good laws now, but no one executes them—as Mr. Greeley has shown in his terrible letter to the President. The Confiscation law, and all the action of Congress in that direction, are, as yet, nullities, because the President omits to put them in force.

In all Parliaments and Congresses, a measure proposed and adopted is left to be shaped by its friends. In all governments, a new policy to be tried is tried by its friends. This is the dictate of good sense, and the usage of all governments. When our government accepted the plan of the Monitor, they employed Ericsson, its inventor, to build it. When the British people demanded the Reform Bill, the King called to office Lord Grey, the life-long champion of that change. If the President should proclaim emancipation, and Halleck, McClellan, and Buell smother, under pretence of executing, the measure, it will be a failure. Let us provide beforehand against such a danger. Let it be understood now that our claim of the government is, "Satisfy yourselves fully that your conciliation policy has failed, and then we demand a proclamation of freedom—war, on war principles"—to be conducted by such men as Sumner of Massachusetts, Stevens of Pennsylvania, and Wade of Ohio, and their friends in the Cabinet—and by Hunter, Sigel, Phelps and Fremont in the field. The country has given Conservatism and Conciliation a year and a half of time, a thousand million of dollars, and two hundred thousand lives, to try their plans and do their best. Under a Cabinet and Generals of their own choice, their policy has been fully tried, and failed. We stand now about where we were when we started. But for Scott's absence, one could hardly distinguish the Washington of September, 1862, from the Washington of September, 1861.

Our language now should be, "Gentlemen, your game is played out. Give us place. We have had sham fights and rose water, imbeciles and traitors, till the land is satisfied. Now we will make war in earnest, with an idea in it, under statesmen and soldiers."

The times are too serious to risk another mistake. Let thinking men solemnly impress it on the nation that, no matter how high in office, or how wide, the rule reaches, no emancipation policy is of any value, unless its earnest and downright friends are put at the head of affairs. Let us state now that whenever President Lincoln, according to his promise to Mr. Greeley, adopts a new method, dictated by necessity, we demand, according to good sense and all national usage, that he put into the Cabinet men who have advocated that policy since the beginning of the war, and give the control of the army to soldiers whose hearts are in that plan.—soldiers like Sigel, who have never met a reverse; and like Fremont, who, thwarted at every point, and robbed of both men and supplies, can still boast that, thus far, he is the only General before whom Stonewall Jackson has retreated, though having two men to our one. This demand springs from no weak partiality for favorite men, but is an imperative necessity, a fair claim, a simple conformity with approved and judicious custom.

Anything short of this would be deluding the country with empty professions. Lacking this, we radicals have no confidence in any mere proclamations, but expect and prophesy their failure. In this doubt how to save the ship we claim fair play and equal opportunities. Gentlemen Conciliators and Quaker soldiers, you have fairly tried your plan. Our time is come. We claim the whole field and the whole control of the reins.—*Wendell Phillips, in The Independent.*

OUR NATIONAL MADNESS.

From The Chicago Tribune.

WHEN the future historian writes about the great pro-slavery rebellion, he will require all the energy of the Anglo-Saxon tongue to express the astonishment, indignation and contempt, with which our conduct towards the black man will fill him. He will cite the past history of our own country against us, and tell in withering periods how we shrank from the imaginary disgrace of arming loyal negroes; how we went on for nearly two years falling into ambuscades, groping our way in the dark, assaulting deserted entrenchments, in order to escape the *odium* of receiving information from men tainted with African blood; how we incorporated our social distinctions into the rules of war; how in opposition to the laws of God and common sense, we established a standard of human complexion, and made it paramount to liberty and country. There will then be no more pro-slavery "conservatives" to invent apologies for blundering Generals, cowardly statesmen, or disguised traitors.

Slavery is our national madness. It is not only our besetting sin, but our besetting folly. In every other matter we keep pace with the march of civilization; in regard to many things we are far in advance of the age; but on the great question on which we should be preëminently foremost, we hardly keep pace with Turks and Arabs. Seventy years ago, when every Christian nation tolerated slavery, our fathers were ashamed of their position, and entreated mankind to withhold judgment, and give them time to wash away the stain.

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